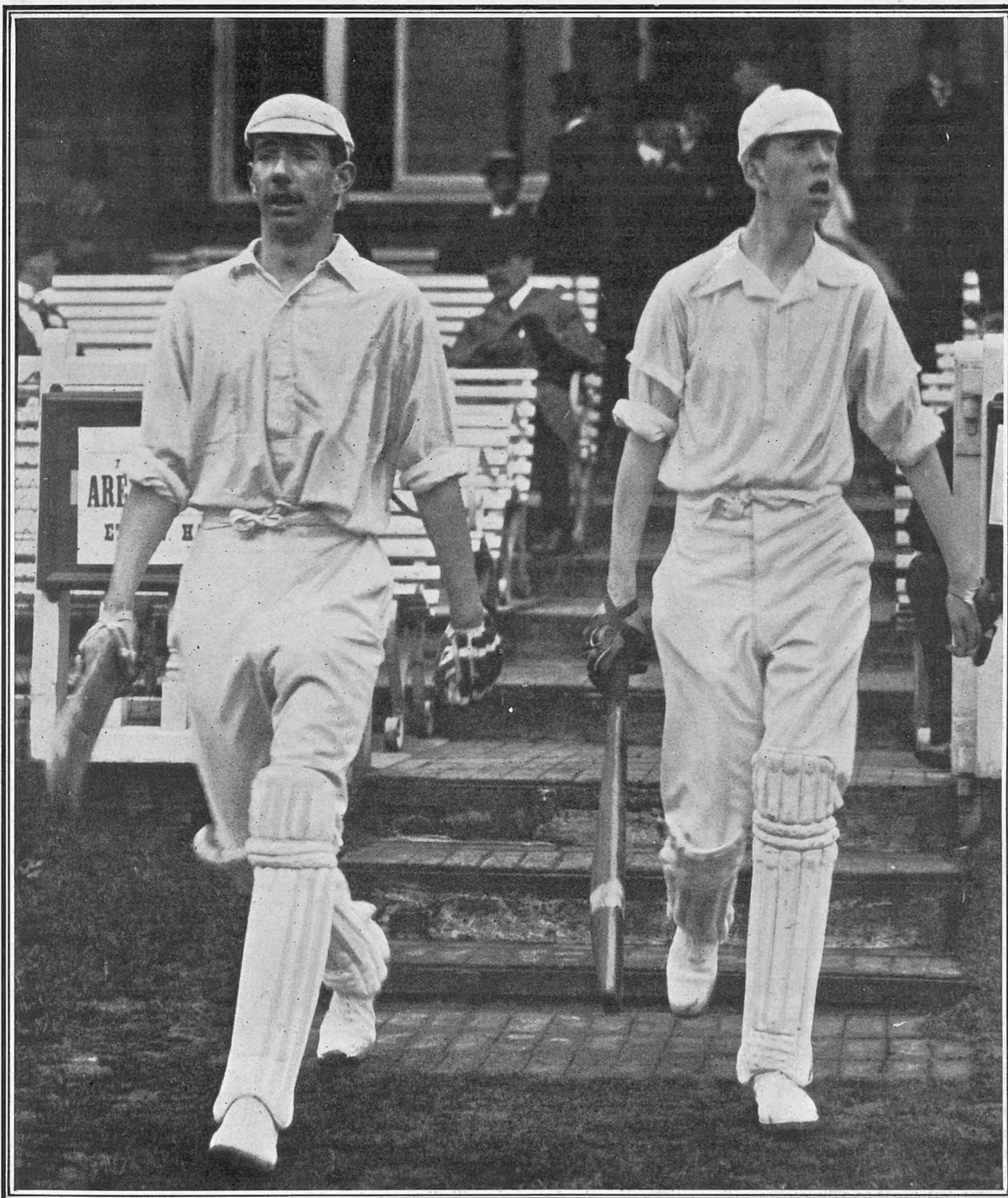


# The Sketch

No. 911.—Vol. LXXI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1910.

SIXPENCE.

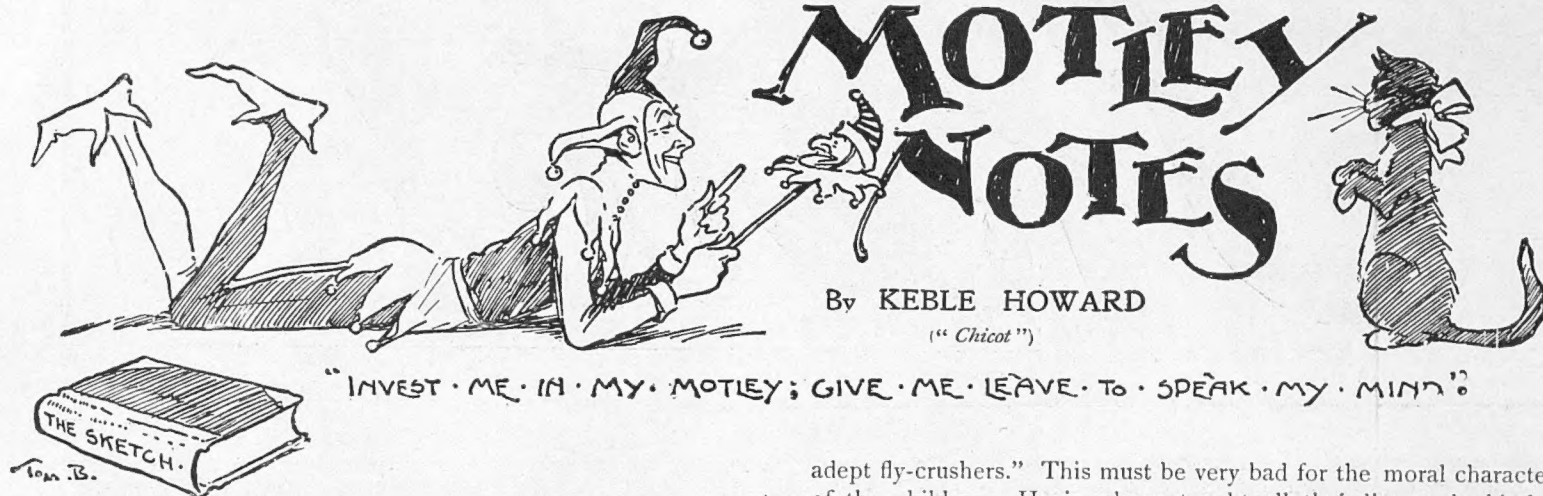


THE MAN WHO PULLED THE MATCH OUT OF THE FIRE FOR ETON: MR. R. ST. L. FOWLER, ETON'S CAPTAIN (ON THE LEFT), WITH MR. D. G. WIGAN, GOING OUT TO BAT ON THE SECOND DAY.

Seldom has there been such a sensational ending to the Eton and Harrow cricket match as took place at Lord's last Saturday. Up to within half an hour of the end Eton's position had seemed hopeless. They were 165 runs to the bad on the first innings, and had to follow on. In their second innings they lost five wickets for 65, and 100 more runs were wanted to save an innings defeat. Then came the turning point, when the Eton captain, Fowler, was joined by Wigan. Supported by Wigan and Boswell, Fowler played a splendid innings of 64, without which Eton's victory would have been impossible. When Fowler was caught Eton were only one run ahead of Harrow's first innings, and seven wickets were down. The tail of the Eton team, however, made a magnificent stand, leaving Harrow 55 runs to get to win, which they failed to do, and Eton won by 9 runs. In bowling, Fowler took 12 wickets in all, including 8 for 23 runs in Harrow's second innings.

*Photograph by the Central News.*





### A World Convulsed.

I am sorry to see that certain misguided persons are trying to make another match between the negro boxer Johnson and a white man. When the match between Johnson and Jeffries was first talked about people of decent minds and average intelligence deplored the false sense of honour that prompted the meeting. But people of decent minds appear to be in the minority; at any rate, the fight between the negro and the white man aroused an excitement almost as great as that following upon the relief of Mafeking, the arrival of Mr. Roosevelt, or the increase in the price of whisky. Under the circumstances, the defeat of Jeffries was probably the best thing that could have happened. One feels sorry, of course, that he should have allowed himself to be lured from the leisured dignity of his country home to be slapped and jostled by a professional pugilist in strict training, whether white or black. But it is ridiculous to suppose that the white race has lost even one minute point of predominance as the result of this bioscopic orgy. Imagine, for a moment, that somebody trained an elephant from its earliest days to box in the professional style, and then imagine Mr. Jeffries leaving his pleasant ranch to do battle with the boxing elephant. If the elephant fell on Mr. Jeffries and crushed him, should we feel snubbed as a race, or should we call Mr. Jeffries a fool for his pains?

### Superficial.

A popular daily paper has been inviting its feminine readers to describe the ideal man. It is rather extraordinary that most of the replies deal exclusively with the physical qualities of men. "My ideal man has a plain face with bright blue eyes." "My ideal man has rugged features, kind eyes, and brown hair." "Dark, thick hair, and dark, clear eyes, a clear complexion, but not handsome." It is far more extraordinary that women should be mainly influenced by the physical attributes of a man than that a man should be mainly influenced by the physical attributes of a woman. Marriages may be divided into four classes—

- (1) In which the husband is in love with the wife and the wife with the husband.
- (2) In which the husband is in love with the wife.
- (3) In which the wife is in love with the husband.
- (4) In which neither is in love with the other

Of these the first may be set down as ideal; the second as successful; the third as doubtfully successful; and the fourth as a certain failure. Certainly, when the hour of danger comes, as it always must, a woman who has nothing in her husband to rely upon but brown hair stands a poor chance of winning through.

### Ancient Egypt in England.

From the same paper I learn with horror that "the inhabitants of the pretty rose-decked riverside village of Postwick are suffering from an abominable plague of flies. Postwick is the property of Lord Rosebery, who, unfortunately, has no residence in the neighbourhood." Surely this is a little hard on Lord Rosebery! We are all very sorry, I am sure, for the inhabitants of the pretty rose-decked riverside village, but what could Lord Rosebery do to stay the plague, even if he had a residence in the neighbourhood? I have heard of Lord Rosebery as an orator, as a politician, and an owner of racehorses, but never as a flycatcher. To continue, Mrs. Appleton, "the venerable village post-mistress," has been interviewed. Mrs. Appleton, speaking as an official of the Crown, was obliged to admit that there were a lot of flies in Postwick each summer, but this year, it seems, they go so far as to bite her son's baby. Perhaps the baby wasn't born last summer. The article does not satisfy one on this point. Finally, "the children are all becoming

adept fly-crushers." This must be very bad for the moral characters of the children. Having been taught all their lives to be kind to flies, they are now actually encouraged to kill them. What can they think of the consistency of their elders?

### The Latest from Postwick.

Our own special Postwick correspondent telegraphs: "The plague gets worse and worse. On arriving at the nearest railway station, the door of my compartment was opened by a fantastic-looking object that partly resembled an undertaker and partly a tree struck by lightning. This turned out to be the station-master, who was literally covered in flies from top to toe. He cannot see out of his eyes, and is led about by a dog belonging to a blind man, who fortunately happens to be in gaol.

"Some honest labourers returning from their work in the fields last night were met and overwhelmed by a dense cloud of flies. They fled for safety to the cellar of the village inn, and are still in a state of incarceration. Their wives are terribly anxious about them.

"The Vicar preached a very eloquent and beautiful sermon on the duties of forbearance last Sunday. Every fly that comes into the world, he said, is created for some good purpose. . . . It is hoped that the rebuilding of the Vicarage will be accomplished before the winter sets in.

"The effect of the buzzing is extraordinary. It can be heard at Norwich, four miles away, and is said to have a pleasantly soporific effect upon the inhabitants of that famous cathedral city."

### Great Fun About Intellects.

"Speaking at the Corona Club, Lord Crewe said that he had sat at dinner between Sir F. Lugard and Sir W. Egerton, both of whom were the same age as himself (fifty-two), that being the age at which the intellectual faculties reached their culminating point." This is described, if you please, as a "happy speech." I fail to find anything happy in it. It seems to me a most doleful, pessimistic speech. Had I been Sir F. Lugard or Sir W. Egerton I should have expressed great annoyance at being told that my intellectual faculties had reached their culminating point. A healthy man should never know when his intellectual faculties have reached their highest point. However old he may be, he should always feel convinced that his intellect is on the upward grade. As a matter of fact, it is. Directly his intellect begins to decline, his body is also declining. Very few men of fifty-two would admit that their bodies are declining, and I see no reason, therefore, for this somewhat invidious attack on the unfortunate intellect. It is foolhardy for a man to attack his own intellect. Let him, if he must attack an intellect, attack other people's. I suppose Lord Crewe would retort that he *had* attacked other people's—Sir F. Lugard's and Sir W. Egerton's—and that the balance was therefore in his favour. I shall not argue the point further.

### With Reference to Father.

"The father who cannot find time to play with his children should not have married." This is the boldly expressed opinion of Mr. Ernest Foster, who speaks at Watford. He might as well have said that children who do not care to play with their fathers should not have been born. If Mr. Ernest Foster will spend his summer holiday in making a deeper study of childhood, he will discover that the average child cannot stand playing with father for very long at a time. There is an excellent reason for this: father is such a selfish player. His first idea is to make a good impression on mother. If the game be cricket, therefore, it is father who gets the bat and keeps it. If the game be "Blind Man's Buff," father is generally "blind man." Oh, those poor little toes!



## A "HARROWING" MOMENT: STUDIES IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OCCASION OF THEIR LIVES: HARROW BATSMEN LEAVING THE PAVILION AT LORD'S IN THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.



1. MODEST AND SERIOUS: MR. O. B. GRAHAM (6 AND 7 NOT OUT).
2. CHEERFUL AND CONFIDENT: MR. W. T. MONCKTON (20 AND 0).
3. GRAVE AND THOUGHTFUL: MR. J. M. HILLYARD (62 AND 0).
4. WITH A DOWNCAST EYE: MR. C. H. B. BLOUNT (4 AND 5).

5. THE CAPTAIN SURVEYS THE FIELD: MR. G. F. EARLE (20 AND 13).
6. HARROW'S FIRST PAIR TO OPEN THE INNINGS: MR. T. O. JAMESON (5 AND 2) AND MR. T. B. WILSON (53 AND 0).
7. "COMPOSED AND BLAND": MR. A. C. STRAKER (2 AND 1).

The moment of going in to bat is notoriously a nervous one in cricket, especially in the case of young batsmen playing on a big occasion. We have therefore thought it interesting to bring together, as studies in facial expression, these photographs of some of the chief Harrow batsmen in the Eton and Harrow match last week, snapped as they were leaving the pavilion. It is obvious that in most cases they were unused to the gaze of a large crowd, and were inclined, as Tennyson says, to "peruse the matting" from feelings of diffidence. It should be mentioned that these photographs were taken in the first innings of Harrow, and the batsmen's faces therefore do not show the emotions they must have felt in their second innings when their wickets were falling fast (for a total of 45) to give Eton a sensational and unexpected victory. It will be recalled that Harrow had only 55 to get to win, and Eton got them all out for 45. In their first innings Harrow made 232. The figures in brackets after the names of the above players are the runs they made in their two innings.—[Photographs by Central News.]



## DEVELOPING GLOVE-MAKING BY THE MOTOR-CAR.

WHEN Romeo, in the ecstasy of his passion, wished that he might be a glove upon Juliet's hand, even Shakespeare, with all his wealth of imagination, born though he was in the glover's trade, could not, in his wildest flights of fancy, have dreamed of the possibilities to which the manufacture of what the Germans call "hand-shoes" would attain in these later days. It is fitting that, in considering this development, Messrs. Fownes Brothers and Co. should be given pride of place, for not only has their house the distinction of being the oldest glove-making firm in the country, having been established in Worcester in 1777, but also because it is the pioneer in the new development illustrated on this page. This is the adaptation of the motor-car to the needs of the trade. Although motor-cars have been largely used by various firms in distributing goods to their customers, they are still more popularly regarded as affording the rich man the opportunity for spending money. Messrs. Fownes have epigrammatically inverted this idea, for they are now using motors to furnish poor women with the opportunity of saving money. This they do by employing motors to distribute the gloves to be made up at the homes of the women and girls who follow the trade as a means of earning their daily bread.

After all the intricate and interesting preliminary operations have converted the rough skins into "Trunks," as the pieces of leather which constitute the gloves are called when they have been pulled into shape with the proper amount of stretch by the cutter, the fingers are divided and rounded by a punch, and they are ready for the sewers. While the firm employs a large number of women and girls in its factory at Worcester, a great deal of this sewing has to be given out, although not to the same extent as in the days when "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," in which glove-sewing is so admirably described, was written. Still, some hundreds of out-workers are employed, not only in the neighbourhood of Worcester, but at Wandsworth, Taunton, Evesham, Gillingham, Charlbury, and other villages even farther afield. It is for the sake of these out-workers that the motor-car service has been instituted. Before this happened it was no uncommon thing for the workers to tramp miles to deliver the gloves they had made, get paid, and take a further supply of work home; while some girls used to bicycle regularly seven miles into Worcester and seven home again for the purpose. Messrs. Fownes realised that not only was this a needless waste of time, but a great waste of energy as well, both of which represented a calculable amount of money to the women. Now, by their motor service, the parts of the gloves are taken to the doors of the workers, or very close to them, so that they are saved time, energy and money, for the representatives of the firm, who travel with the motors, receive the manufactured goods and pay for them on the spot.

By this means many places in the countryside are being opened up, for people living in districts which would otherwise be handicapped from the point of view of getting work are able to obtain it with ease. Even in hamlets off the main road, where

there are only one or two women who want this work, and it would be inconvenient, if not impossible, for the motor to go to them, all they have to do is to go down to the main road, meet the motor as it passes by, get the pieces for the gloves, and take them home and make them. The excitement at the appearance of the motor-cars has to be seen to be believed. Incredible as it may appear, as it whirls through the countryside or stops in the favoured villages, its advent is regarded as something of an event, for it seems to take a breath of the outer world into the dull, monotonous life of those who dwell in the byeways, away from the highways, of that part of the country.

The sewing of the gloves is done by machines which, to the number of many hundreds, are lent to the women free of charge. Simple as this obvious application of the motor may seem to those to whom horseless vehicles have become the most casual of casual subjects, the innovation of Messrs. Fownes appears like a revolution to the women themselves. To appreciate it at its full, one must see the number of applications that the cars should be sent into districts in which they have not yet begun to go, in order that the workers may obtain from them the boon which they undoubtedly confer. With the introduction of

methods of making the worker's life less onerous, there is, usually, a tendency to lower his wage. Messrs. Fownes, however, have not done so, for the women are still paid exactly the same price for their work as they used to get in the days when they had to trudge or bicycle to the head office for it.

There is a singular appropriateness in gloves extending the sphere of usefulness of motor-cars, for motor-cars have, as a matter of fact, extended the glove industry of Messrs. Fownes. A few years ago, the call for gloves specially adapted for motoring was so great that it was responsible—in part at least—for the addition of a new wing to the Worcester factory. While Messrs. Fownes are, essentially, a wholesale house, they have, nevertheless, had the distinction

of making gloves for several of our Sovereigns through the retail firms which have been favoured by the monarchs' commands. There is still preserved in the London office a single glove of a pair made for George IV., and several pairs made for Queen Victoria, for the firm constantly made the gloves of her late Majesty during the last twenty years of her life. These gloves were always of black cashmere with long gauntlets, and were sewn on the outside, instead of on the inside, which is the usual method in making worsted gloves. Queen Victoria's fingers were somewhat short, and on one occasion a sample glove was sent to the firm with the top of one of the fingers sewn through with a bit of white cotton to

mark the length which it was desired should be supplied in future. For his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, Messrs. Fownes have, also, often manufactured special shooting gloves. The forefinger of the right hand is of soft, thin leather, while the middle finger is thickly padded for the trigger-guard. The last gloves made by the firm for any member of the Royal Family are the pair in which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was confirmed a few weeks ago.



A NEW USE FOR THE MOTOR: A CAR ABOUT TO LEAVE MESSRS. FOWNES' FACTORY WITH MATERIALS FOR VILLAGE WORKERS.



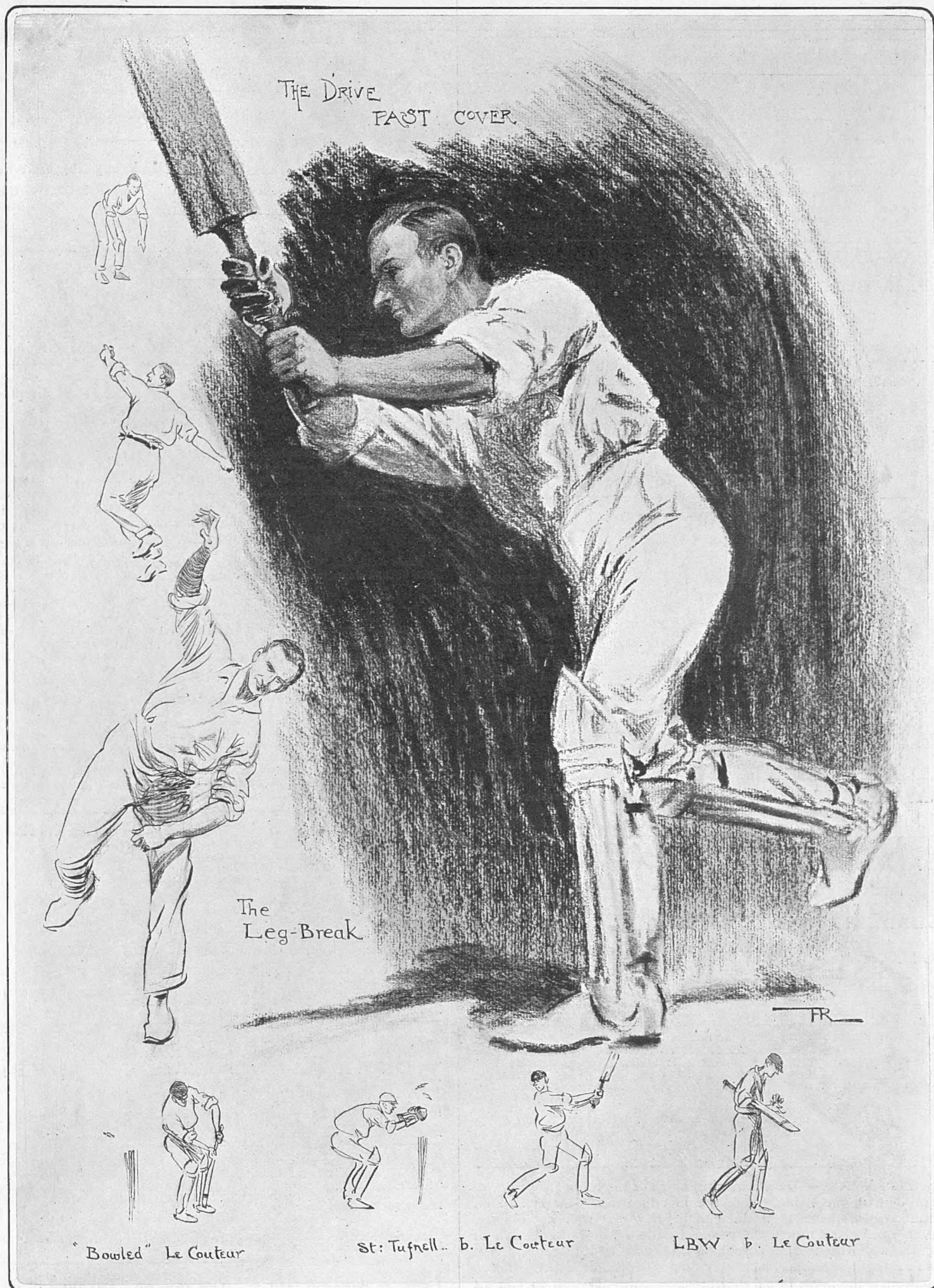
A BOON TO COTTAGERS AND A GREAT EVENT IN THE LIFE OF A VILLAGE: THE ARRIVAL OF MESSRS. FOWNES' CAR WITH PARTS OF GLOVES TO BE SEWN IN THEIR OWN HOMES.

Photos, H. Hiffe.



## THE LE COUTEUR v. CAMBRIDGE CRICKET MATCH.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE MAN WHO WON THE VARSITY MATCH: MR. P. R. LE COUTEUR AS BATSMAN AND BOWLER,  
WITH SOME OF HIS VICTIMS.

So largely was Oxford's great victory over Cambridge at Lord's due to the splendid batting and bowling of Mr. P. R. Le Couteur, that it might almost be regarded as a case of Le Couteur versus Cambridge. He made 160 runs out of a total of 315, and took eleven wickets (in Cambridge's two innings) for 66 runs. He has a somewhat peculiar stand at the wicket, keeping his left leg well in front of his right—an attitude which brings his left shoulder well forward. He is a little man, quick and neat in his action. In bowling he takes a short, quick run, and twiddles the ball from one hand to the other before delivery. He keeps a good length, and has a dangerous leg-break.



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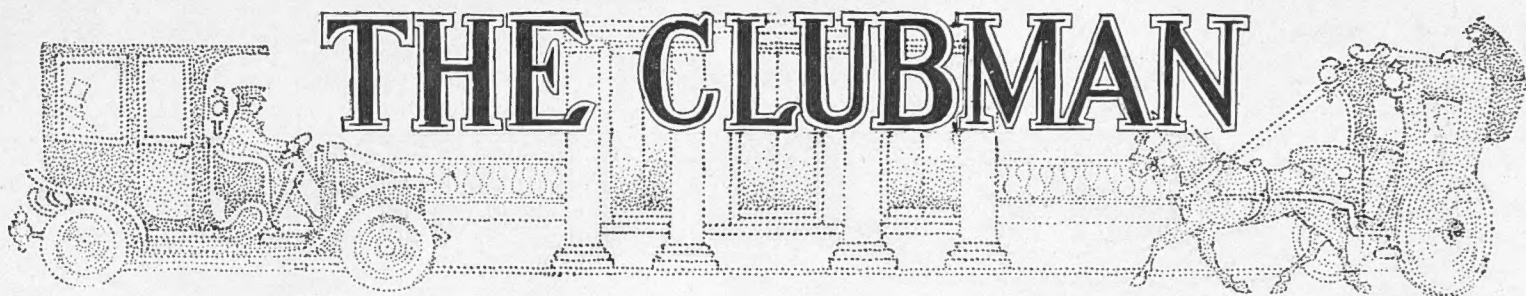
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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, or 172, Strand, London, W.C.





**Black versus White.** A man with a very catholic admiration for all kinds of sport remarked to me on the day of the prize-fight at Reno that if the devil put down his hat and caught under it everybody present at that fight, the world would be none the poorer for their disappearance. I do not go so far as this pessimist, but I cannot see that any good of any kind can come to humanity through a black man pounding a white man into a jelly. That a black man should have easily knocked out a white man fighting for the championship of the world is a bad thing for the whole of the white race, for each time that white goes down before black or before yellow a little of the prestige of the white man, as being a better man than his brother with a black or brown or yellow skin, disappears. In the Southern States of America the victory of Johnson is making the race war, which is always in progress there, more bitter than before, and there is not a negro in any of the continents who will not sooner or later learn that one of his race has overcome the champion boxer of the white races, and will not consider himself a finer fellow and be more intolerant of the pretensions of the white man to be his master for that fifteenth round fought in Reno.



**A COSTUME NOT WORN AT HENLEY: CUTLER, STROKE OF THE HARVARD EIGHT, WITH A TEDDY BEAR MASCOT.** It is hardly necessary to say that, light as is an oarsman's costume for rowing purposes, even in races, he does not appear at Henley in quite such an airy attire as that in which Mr. Cutler is here seen.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

consider himself a finer fellow and be more intolerant of the pretensions of the white man to be his master for that fifteenth round fought in Reno.

#### A Wrestling-Match.

Once, in Calcutta, I saw a somewhat similar scene to that which has been enacted at Reno. An English wrestler had issued a challenge to the native wrestlers, and this had been taken up by one of the Maharajahs, who was prepared to put some of the wrestlers of his State into the ring against the white man, on the white man's own conditions. Certain holds which are considered fair in native wrestling were ruled to be out of order in this bout, and a Maharajah in whom both Britons and natives had the fullest confidence acted as the umpire for the contest. The wrestling contest was held in a great tent erected on the Maidan at Calcutta, and every inch of space about the ring was occupied by white men and brown. The Englishman was past his prime and was evidently out of condition, and made but a poor show

against the lithe athlete, whose muscles seemed to be of steel, and whose occupation, when he was not doing serious training work, was to take the place of the two oxen which pull up buckets from a well, and to do the work of the animals, just to keep himself in good fettle. Twice we who looked on thought that the Englishman's two shoulders were in the dust, but the umpire, determined to be more than fair to the white man, did not give the victory to the native until his antagonist was pinned down so that all men could see that he was beaten. The shout that went up from the natives in that great tent when they saw that an Indian had beaten one of the governing race was not a good shout for any Englishman to hear; and though this bout took place so many years ago that the memory of it has, no doubt, faded from the minds of most of the spectators, it is curious to note that the first form that the disaffection in Bengal took in these later years was the training of Bengalee youths to become athletes, and to learn to use their muscles, and also the long staff, which is the usual weapon of the Indian peasant, against the white man in their midst. We learnt later that the Maharajah had not even sent his best wrestlers into the ring. He had judged, quite rightly, that the third best of his wrestlers could overcome the Englishman easily enough.

#### The Revival of the Row.

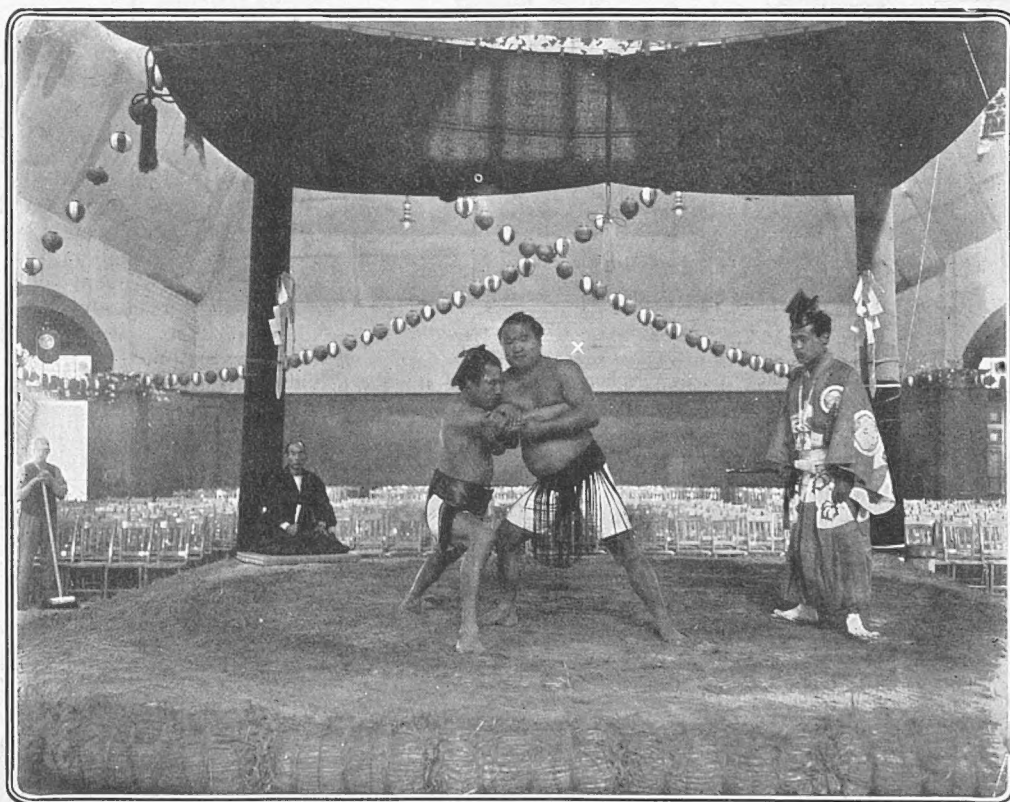
His Majesty the King has of late been riding in the Row of a morning, and there are already signs that there may be a revival of the old custom of riding in the Row for pleasure, and not merely as a liver cure or to exercise a restive horse, as is now the case. If it becomes fashionable once more to ride in the Row, no doubt the riders will be a little more particular as to their costume than is now the case. In the old days, when a canter in the Row was a part of the day of every dandy and every fashionable lady, the men wore irreproachable riding-trousers, strapped under the neatest of boots, and well-cut coats, and silk hats, and the ladies' habits were perfection. Nowadays people take their exercise over the tan in the costume they would wear if they turned out at five in the morning to go cub-hunting with an unfashionable pack.



**IN THE ALMOST ALTOGETHER: HARVARD ROWING MEN—NOT AT HENLEY.**

This is not the Harvard boat about to launch at Henley, but merely a group of Harvard freshmen on a float at their own University boathouse. Considering their costume, one would almost have expected Trilby hats.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.



**THE CHAMPION JAPANESE WRESTLER WHOM AN INDIAN HAS UNDERTAKEN TO THROW TEN TIMES IN THIRTY MINUTES: OIKARI, AT THE WHITE CITY.**

Considerable interest has been aroused by a sensational challenge which the four Indian wrestlers now in this country—Gama, Imam Bux, Ahmud Buksh, and Gamu—have issued to the Japanese wrestlers at the White City. Gama, the Indian champion, is prepared "to throw the Japanese champion ten times in thirty minutes," and "to throw every one of the thirty Japanese in one hour—of actual wrestling time." The Japanese champion is indicated by a X. [Photograph by Shepstone.]



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK

"SOME burglars," says a telegram, "during the night stole an aeroplane at Verviers. The local gendarmes are somewhat puzzled by the offence." "Somewhat" is distinctly good. Most aeroplanes are a little too large for the pocket.

In Brass, which, geographers tell us, is a district in Southern Nigeria, a clerk has been imprisoned for embezzling fines. In that happy land fines are paid in gin, so it is to be feared that the clerk has long since disposed of the proceeds of his wrong-doing.

Our dear old friend of the advertisement columns, "Piano for sale, the property of a gentleman going abroad with carved legs," has now become the property of a gentleman off to pick up gold at Stewart, whether



his legs are carved or otherwise. Tut, tut! How we do keep up with the times.

Camberwell's Guardians have decided to write "Esq." after their names. We have only to get a little more democratic, and the West Ham Guardians will be writing "Lord" before theirs.

"Why live in the suburbs?" asks Dr. Harris, the Medical Officer of Health for Islington. Don't all speak at once, for the answer appears to be that people do not live in the suburbs, they only sleep in them.

An American millionaire says that he is tired of Mr. Roosevelt. This is only returning a compliment, for, after all, it was Mr. Roosevelt who began by saying that he was tired of American millionaires.

## THE BOLD SUFFRAGETTE.

(Adjacent paragraphs tell how little Mrs. Garrud

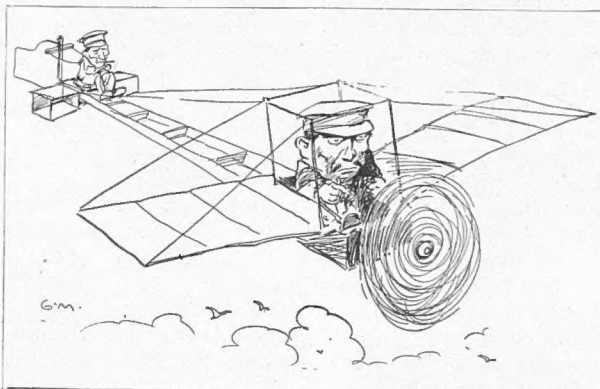
can throw a six-foot policeman over her shoulder, and how a lady telephoned for a messenger-boy to catch a mouse in her room.)

No longer will man in his rudeness  
Sweet feminine meetings disturb,  
But in future he'll get  
From the bold Suffragette  
A masterful touch of the curb.  
For women are learning ju-jitsu,  
And throwing policemen about;  
And when a man meets  
With the Women Athletes  
He'll have to be Good—or Get Out.

These Athletes will tackle a sergeant  
Who stands six-foot-three in his socks;  
But turn pale when a mouse  
Is abroad in the house,  
And may possibly run up their clocks.  
Then vain are the wiles of ju-jitsu,  
Its tactics they cannot employ;  
And all that they dare  
Do, is stand on a chair  
And 'phone for a Messenger Boy.



General Porfirio Diaz has been elected President of Mexico for the *n*-th time, and being a scientific electioneerer, he kept his opponent in prison till the poll was over. It is in this far-seeing and invincible logic that the partially Latin nations so easily surpass us.



More plagiarism by insects. A paragraph informs us that a motorcar has been held up by mosquitoes somewhere near Liverpool. Pretending to be County Police, no doubt, with cheap stop-watches, and all the rest of it.

The use of bugles, as well as kettledrums, has been abolished in the French navy because they no longer serve any useful purpose. It seems a pity, for, at any rate, they must have amused the fish.

## RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

No. 2.

### THE UNWASHED STRAWBERRY

What is this the papers say?  
Nasty germs are cheap to-day;  
And by millions find a place  
In your plump and ruddy face.  
I am shocked that this should be,  
Dirty little strawberry!

For your habits are unclean,  
And subversive of hygiene,  
So with cream I'll never squash  
Strawberries that do not wash.  
Septic fruit won't do for me,  
Dirty little strawberry!



At Juvisy, last October, an aeroplane ran into a stand and

bowled over two of the spectators, who thereupon claimed damages. For this they have had to pay costs. In England, a cyclist has been fined for picturesquely objecting to being smashed up by a motorcar. When will the public learn that only children, dogs, and hens are sacred in this respect?



The recent cold and wet weather is said to be due to the absence of the Gulf Stream. If someone would go out and discover the missing stream, he would be doing some good. We have quite enough cold without any more Poles, but something to warm us up during the rigours of the summer would be really useful.

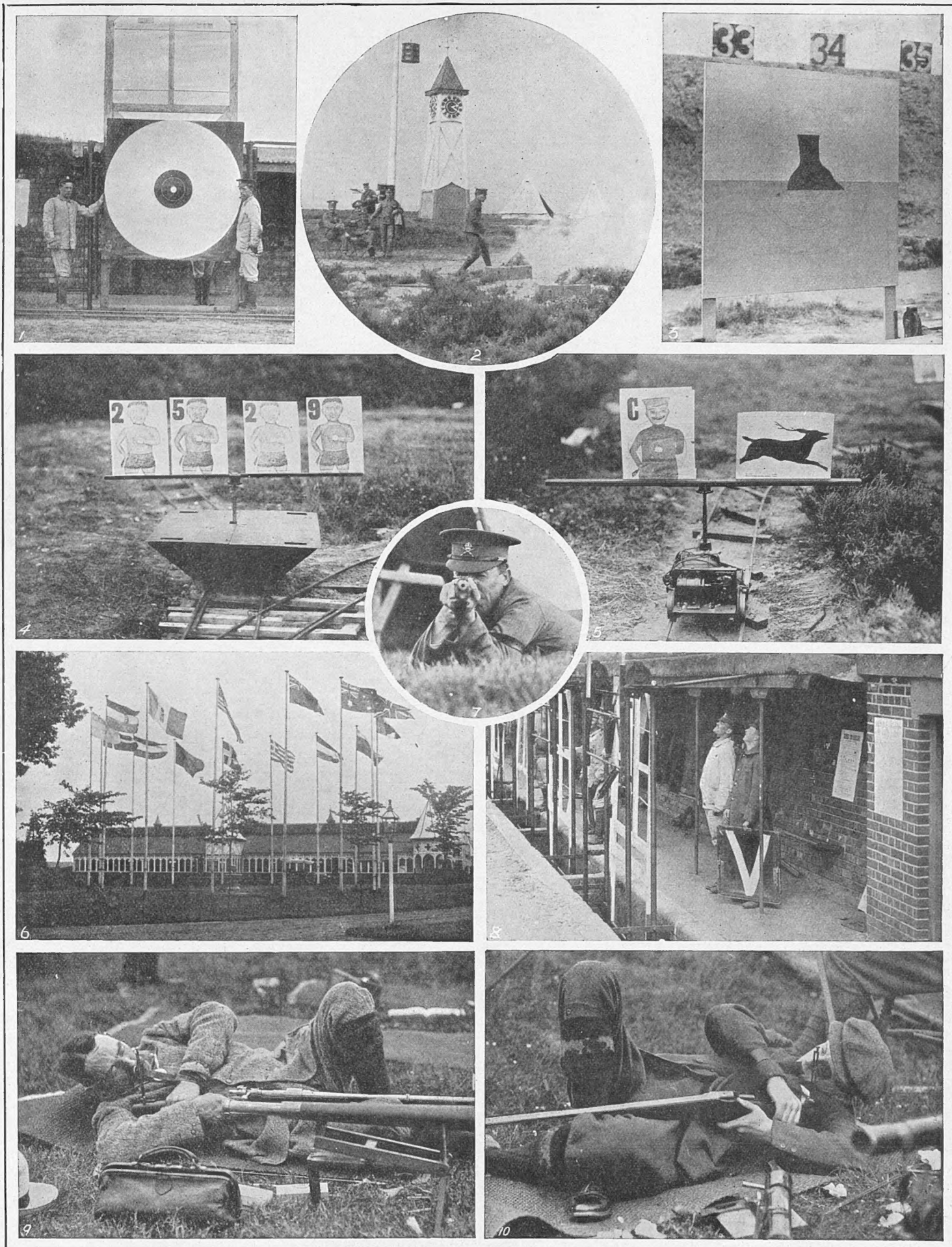
Says the L.C.C.: "Under certain circumstances, if you shut your mouth, you may save your life." Especially if you ever feel inclined to give a back answer to Johnson or Jeffries.

Architects are agreed, with touching unanimity, as to the absolute necessity for pulling down Buckingham Palace. It is when the question arises who is to build it up again that the fur will begin to fly.





## BIZARRE BISLEY: THE CURIOUS SIDE OF THE GREAT MEETING.



1. THE EGG-PULL TARGET: A BULL'S-EYE WITHIN A BULL'S-EYE.

2. NOT SHELLING AN ENEMY: FIRING THE MORTAR AS A SIGNAL TO BEGIN, OR CEASE FIRE, OR FOR LUNCH.

3. IN THE SHAPE OF A DISTANT ENEMY AIMING AT THE MARKSMAN: THE NEW BISLEY SECOND-CLASS-FIGURE TARGET.

4. LIKE SPECIMENS OF PREHISTORIC ART: THE WHITNEY AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TARGET.

5. THE WHITNEY AUTOMATIC TARGET.

6. A NEW DEPARTURE: FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS REPRESENTED AT BISLEY.

7. STRAIGHT FOR THE EYE OF THE CAMERA: WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE TO BE COVERED BY A RIFLE.

8. WHAT DOES THE V STAND FOR? THE NEW MARKER TO INDICATE A CENTRAL BULL.

9. STEADYING THE HAND BY A RIBBON HELD IN THE TEETH: DR. J. C. SELLARS FIRING.

10. ANOTHER INSTANCE OF THE HAND STEADIED BY A RIBBON HELD IN THE TEETH: CAPTAIN P. GODSAL'S RECUMBENT ATTITUDE.

Our photographs illustrate some of the curiosities and novelties of this year's contest at Bisley. For the Egg-Pull Competition, a very small white disc is placed in the centre of the bull's-eye. The competitors pay sixpence for each shot, and prizes, varying, according to the range, from twenty-five to thirty-five shillings are given for those who hit the disc. The new figure-target shown in the third photograph is designed to represent the outline of a distant enemy as he lies on the ground and aims at one. The Whitney automatic electric range and targets (shown in photographs 4 and 5) are made by the Whitney Range and Target Company. Each carriage is armour-plated and carries its own motor. Some of these targets charge the firing-point like an advancing enemy. The new V-marker (Photograph 8), used for the first time at this meeting, indicates a central bull. To signal an ordinary bull the common unmarked black disc is still used. Dr. J. C. Sellars (Photograph 9) won both the Bass and the Edge Competitions. It was at first announced that Captain Godsall had won the Bass, owing to some misunderstanding.—[Photographs by Sport and General; No. 2 by L.N.A.]



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

**K**ING GEORGE'S visit to Aldershot recalls many memories of the place as the great parade-ground of the British Army. The following unpublished anecdote affords an interesting instance of the courtesies of the reviewing of troops. Prince Victor Napoleon, while on a visit to his devoted kinswoman at Farnborough, rode over to see his friend, the late Sir William Butler. Sir William was, as Commander of the District, about to review the troops, and asked the Prince to accompany him. As they approached the lines, and Sir William was on the point of acknowledging the salute, he turned to his guest

and asked him to accept it. "No," answered Prince Victor; "I am not reviewing the soldiers, and, besides, I am not in uniform." "Sir," said the gallant General, "a Prince of your name is always in uniform."

*Eugenias.* "Forward my letters to Athens" was the word left the other day in Constantinople by the Empress Eugénie, who brings to her travels the zest of a young woman: she is eighty-four! Her namesake, Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain, is still, I see, miscalled in the papers that

Lady Allendale did not stand down because she had suddenly determined to adopt the Londonderry attitude in regard to Liberalism. She had other things to think about. Lord Allendale, after fifty years of exemption, was laid low by appendicitis. Lady Allendale's appointment to appear on the platform had naturally to give way to the inexorable engagement between her husband and his surgeon.

## Holland House.

When Mary, Countess of Ilchester, entertained her friends at Holland House last week, the ominous board bearing the notice of the proposed sale of part of the park drew many eyes. From Lady Ilchester's point of view, however, the gravity of the matter has been much exaggerated. The slice of ground running along the high-road will be no loss to the garden, for, overlooked as it is from the street, it has been practically waste land as far as the house and its inhabitants are concerned. The real losers are the passers-by, who may be deprived of a vista of green through the park railings. As



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (THE 14TH) TO LORD ELPHINSTONE: LADY MARY BOWES-LYON.

Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon is the eldest surviving daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. Her little brother and sister, Lady Elizabeth and the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, will be her train-bearers, and the daughters of the Dukes of Leeds and Wellington among her bridesmaids.

Photograph by Lafayette.

welcome her back to England. With a proper sense of the awkwardness of a French name for anybody who is not French, she has consistently avoided "Eugénie" in favour of "Eugenia." In a letter but lately received in England her exceptionally legible signature leaves no shadow of doubt as to her wishes in the matter.

*The Arm and the Man.* Lord Gifford, for reasons that—since history has fallen into proper perspective in regard to South Africa—are sufficiently obvious, wishes it to be known that his brother, the late Hon. Maurice Gifford, did not take part in the Jameson Raid. That he lost an arm in the Matabele Campaign would not, however, have prevented him from participating in such an adventure, for, crippled though he was, he served in the last Boer War with distinction. Lord Gifford, himself a V.C. man, was not a brother-in-arms in South Africa; but Lady Gifford did splendid work with the Army Nursing Service.

*A Sub.* Lady Leconfield was Lady Allendale's substitute at the meeting of the Liberal Social Council last week.



MARRIED TO MISS DOROTHY DEACON: PRINCE ALBERT RADZIWILL.

Prince Albert Radziwill is heir to large estates in Lithuania. He is twenty-six, met his bride in Rome, and saw much of her in Paris and Berlin. She has been a friend of his sister for some time. The wedding was a quiet one last week, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Cadogan Street.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

from the street, it has been practically waste land as far as the house and its inhabitants are concerned. The real losers are the passers-by, who may be deprived of a vista of green through the park railings. As



TO MARRY LADY MARY BOWES-LYON TO-MORROW (THE 14TH): LORD ELPHINSTONE.

Lord Elphinstone will be married to-morrow to Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon. He belongs to an ancient Scottish family, and has one brother, who will be his best man. He has presented his bride with a high diamond tiara of Russian shape. The first Lord Elphinstone fell at Flodden.

Photograph by Lafayette.

for the promoters of the philanthropic fêtes who have been permitted the use of the grounds in the past, they can have no reason to complain of Lady Ilchester's plans for the future.

*Mrs. Belmont.* Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who is now in London with the fascinating Miss Milholland, has lost no time in getting to business. She convened a Suffrage meeting on board the *Lusitania*, and nearly netted the Hon. Chauncey Depew, who, however, remembering his high reputation for humour in the nick of time, escaped under the cover of a speech punctuated with puns and smiles.

The Belmonts, who are in a sense the Rothschilds of America, have many ties in England, and it is not improbable that Mrs. Belmont will be able to enlist many new recruits to the fighting ranks of the Women's Cause. How much better manned the Club windows will be if, when the next procession passes along Piccadilly, a Duchess of much-admired mien walks with the rest!



MARRIED LAST WEEK: PRINCESS ALBERT RADZIWILL—NÉE MISS DOROTHY DEACON.

Princess Albert Radziwill is the second daughter of the late Mr. Edward P. Deacon, of New York, and of Mrs. Baldwin, of Paris and New York. She is one of a bevy of beautiful sisters. The eldest, Miss Gladys Deacon, was greatly admired by the Kaiser's eldest son, and was in London society under the chaperonage of the Duchess of Marlborough.—[Photograph by Lottie Charles.]



# THE FIRST PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARY AS QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

PUBLISHED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN: A PHOTOGRAPH OF QUEEN MARY TAKEN ON JUNE 29.

This interesting photograph of her Majesty the Queen, which we are enabled to publish by her gracious permission, was taken on June 29, by the Court photographers, Messrs. W. and D. Downey.



# SMALL TALK

A RARE instance of the clashing of a wedding and a funeral occurred last Tuesday, many scientific and literary men having to choose between paying their last respects to the memory of Dr. Furnivall and attending the marriage of Miss Olive Goldschmidt and Professor Israel Gollancz. The names of Professor and Mrs. Sylvanus Thompson figure in both lists, grave and gay; and another friend of the late scholar who would certainly have attended the funeral if he had not been otherwise engaged was—the bridegroom.

*The Egyptologist.* Mr. Robert Mond, who gave away the bride on the occasion of the very interesting wedding of Miss Goldschmidt and Mr. Gollancz, has never, like his younger brother, Sir Alfred Mond, come to the front of the social and political life of London. As often

as not, he is lurking behind a pyramid or burying himself in the Book of the Dead. As an Egyptologist he is well known, which is another way of saying that he is unknown to the man-in-the-street. All the Monds, if not *tout le monde*, were present at the Bayswater Synagogue last week.

*Cricket.* "Lord's" is at its best during a school or 'Varsity encounter. Of the two, the more elderly match draws the slightly showier company; but the younger party is the more attentive. The age of the men who dot the green with white seems very much to govern the age of the crowd that gathers round the field, although the coaches remain the stronghold of stolid middle-age whatever the years of the combatants. The least attentive of young ladies, who contentedly chose a seat where Lord Clifden's coach completely blocked her view, defended herself against the reproaches of a young man in a light-blue blazer; "Whenever mother and I look at the field down goes a wicket, so please don't ask me any more." But the young man still persists in thinking that Le Couteur was responsible for the fall of the wickets.

*The Picture-Lunch.* Sir William

Eden has the courage of his water-colours. The little gallery where they hang in Bury Street was fairly filled last week, when he and Lady Eden carried the guests who had been lunching with them at the Carlton over to the exhibition. Mr. George Wyndham and Lord Ribblesdale compared approving notes, and Lord Charles

Beresford presented Sir William with a whole broadside of admiring exclamations. It was the Duchess of Marlborough who found that she liked best, of all the subjects, the gardens—of Eden.

*Chesterfield Traditions.*

Lord Chesterfield is receiving many congratulations on his Lord Stewardship. A Liberal and good-looking, and the husband of a Liberal and lovely lady, he is the right man in the right place. A son of one of the "handsome Hays of Haystoun," on his mother's side, he is not the first Chesterfield to be known as the best-dressed man of his generation, and Lady Chesterfield follows many famous bearers of her name in joining the not over-popular ranks of the perfectly gowned. She was, before her marriage ten years ago, much admired as Miss Enid Wilson, one of the handsome daughters of the late Lord Nunburnholme.

*The Singing Birds.* The Poetry

Society's Costume Recital is typical of the things that have inspired the energies of the Baroness de Bortouch. For a number of years she has fanned the literary flame in her friends, and entertained at the Sign of the Quill. A direct descendant of the scandalous Earl of Rochester, she has published several volumes of verse that savour not at all of the Restoration; and, among other things, the Baroness keeps a flock of canaries that rival in numbers the celebrated pigeons of St. Mark's.

*Baptisms, Old and New.* Nothing could have been more hopeful than the sounds associated with the baptism of the infant son of Major

Esmé Gordon-Lennox and Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, a ceremony that took place last week. Even the organ failed to overwhelm all rival noises, and the tall company (Lord Esmé is a Guardsman) looked upon an infant promising in size and strength. At another baptism under royal auspices, a hundred years ago, the infant was less fortunate.

Dressed in the heavy laces then in fashion, it was suffocated during the ceremony. "The quietest baby I have ever held," remarked the innocent Primate, handing the infant back to its nurse.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. AUBREY HERBERT, THE HON. MARY VESEY.

The Hon. Mary Gertrude Vesey is the daughter of the late Lord De Vesci (fourth Viscount). Her fiancé is a son of the late Earl of Carnarvon and the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO MR. FRANCIS BACON, MISS MADELENE STUDHOLME-BROWNRIGG.

Miss Madeline Studholme-Brownrigg is the eldest daughter of Colonel Studholme-Brownrigg, of 55, Drayton Gardens, and late of the Rifle Brigade, and her fiancé is the younger son of Mr. Francis Bacon, of Earlstone, Newbury.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



THE HON. HELEN BEST, WHO WAS MARRIED YESTERDAY.

The Hon. Helen Best is the third daughter of the late Lord Wynford and the Dowager Lady Wynford. She was married to Mr. Gerald Wilson, of Bickley, Kent.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT H. J. STUDHOLME-BROWNRIGG, R.N., MISS EILEEN KINAHAN.

Miss Eileen Kinahan is the only daughter of Mr. G. P. Kinahan, of 10, Cranley Gardens. Her fiancé is a Lieutenant of H.M.S. "Indomitable," and the only son of Colonel H. Studholme-Brownrigg, late Rifle Brigade.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MISS ISABEL HEATHCOTE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TAKES PLACE NEXT SATURDAY.

Miss Isabel Heathcote is the daughter of Mr. C. G. Heathcote, of Kilmeston Manor, Alresford, Hampshire. She is to be married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Broke, R.E.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



MISS OLIVIA FRANCES GROVE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON JULY 4.

Miss Olivia Grove is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Fraser Grove, Bart. Mr. William L. Blennerhassett, to whom she was married at Brompton Oratory, is the younger son of the late Right Hon. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



## THE "RAIN" OF HENLEY, KING OF REGATTAS.



1. TWO SCHOOLS IN A HEAT FOR THE LADIES' PLATE: ETON (THE FINAL WINNERS) DEFEATING RADLEY.

2. LEANDER NOT THE HEROES OF THIS OCCASION: BEATEN BY MAGDALEN IN THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

3. BEAT—AND DEAD BEAT: JESUS COLLAPSE AFTER LOSING THEIR HEAT WITH BALLIOL.

4. DEAD BEAT—BUT NOT BEAT: MAGDALEN EXHAUSTED AFTER THEIR GRUELING RACE WITH LEANDER.

5. THE VICTORIOUS CANADIAN CREW: THE WINNIPEG FOUR (WINNERS OF THE STEWARDS' CUP) PADDLING DOWN.

6. ONE OF THE CLOSEST FINISHES EVER KNOWN: THAMES BEATEN BY JESUS.

7. THE CHIEF OF THE HENLEY TROPHIES: THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

In spite of wet weather, there was much enthusiasm at Henley in consequence of the victories of British over German oarsmen—the Winnipeg four beating Mayence in the Stewards' Cup, and W. D. Kinnear winning the Diamond Sculls against Rudolph Lucas, of Mayence. Several of our photographs illustrate the great exhaustion that follows after a strenuous race. This exhaustion, however, is only temporary, when men are in good condition, and is due to the sudden cessation of the strain. The cups competed for at Henley comprise the Grand Challenge Cup, the Ladies' Plate, the Visitors' Challenge Cup, the Stewards' Challenge Cup (for fours), the Thames Challenge Cup, the Wyfold Challenge Cup, the Silver Goblets (for pairs), and the Diamond Sculls.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## The Empire Revue.

It is a curious feature that the *revue* has never got acclimatised. We have not even a name for it: "burlesque" is always supposed to apply to the treatment of a single work; "review" is quite a mis-translation of *revue*. To put it more simply, we have not got a real name for a thing that we have not got; and it is a great pity that we have not got it. "Hullo! . . . People!" at the Empire, is called a *revue*, and is probably about as close to the real thing as the patrons of the house would accept. They accepted it enthusiastically; the singing, the dancing, the pretty girls, and the *mise-en-scène* were exactly what was wanted by the majority. The unimportant few would have liked a little wit, a little subtlety of satire, a little ingenuity; but even if such things were within the range of the author, they might have been outside the range of the audience. Broad humours, such as the Chantecler burlesque, are the best kind of thing for a big house like the Empire, which, however, was greatly amused by Mr. McArdle's song in the character of Roosevelt and by a Tariff Reform duet. It is doubtful whether it is good policy in the places of entertainment to indulge in political demonstrations which are not likely to attract Conservatives, though it pleases those who are present, and may well serve to keep Liberals away.

## An Anomaly.

Is the Empire wise in giving a quite impolite Winston Churchill and Lloyd George duet? It was not clever enough to annoy the admirers of these politicians, but it draws attention to the existence of an anomaly the removal of which might not be beneficial to the halls. It is rather surprising that at present it should be legal to give such a duet in the Leicester Square house, though it would be prohibited on grounds of public policy at His Majesty's. I am not confident exactly how the matter stands, but I think it is generally felt that a one-licence system for the London houses of entertainment would be more beneficial to the playhouses than to the palaces of variety—that is to say, the introduction of such a system would be somewhat injurious to the latter. However, let me turn to metal more attractive—to Miss Valli Valli, the only lady named in the programme of the *revue*. It is a pity that her part is no better written. She had a great deal to do, and very little. When she had a chance, as in the imitation of Sarah Bernhardt, she showed herself very clever, and in the rest she sang and danced with great vivacity. But what a waste of a charming, talented young woman. How sad to think of a youthful actress with

intelligence, experience, a strangely charming, wistful face, and an agreeable voice being used, and (unless a change is made soon) used up, in the traffic of huge halls at a time when we often see important parts ill-filled on the legitimate stage.

## Our Thin Skins.

People wonder why we have no *revues*, why real burlesque has gone out of fashion, why, in fact, the only efforts on the stage to satirise the stage and the world are made in pantomime, when, necessarily, they are of a primitive character. Probably the answer is that we have grown too thin-skinned. I happen to know that when the last acidulated burlesque was produced in London it caused a good deal of bad blood, and I have heard that some burlesques have been offered to several of the managers, and been declined, not to run the risk of hurting the feelings of anybody. Really, those Ishmaels of the theatrical world, the uncommercial societies, or one of them, ought to take up the idea. They spend most of their time in the production of works that criticise indirectly the current drama of the day. Why not criticise it directly by burlesque? It could hardly increase the friction—it might do good. What rich materials exist! It may be suggested that I have forgotten "The Follies" and their potted plays; I had. Mr. Pélissier and his company are very clever people, and I have spent some agreeable evenings in their society—with the footlights in between; but the "potted plays" are not exactly the kind of burlesque to which I refer. To some

extent these admirable artists take the place of the famous old German Reed company, a recollection of which will soon mark out those who enjoyed it as belonging to middle age, almost to the Middle Ages, and "The Follies" have recognised the fact that a large proportion of the members of the audience consist of people who do not often visit the theatre. Consequently, Mr. Pélissier, in writing the potted plays, is forced to make them primarily funny to people who have not seen the originals, and are not exactly behind the scenes in the curious theatrical world of London. The result is that we have too much that is plainly and directly funny, too little diverting satire. Yet it seems ungrateful to have overlooked some of the remarkable Pélissier parodies, or such brilliant pieces of work as the Wilkie Bard and Harry Lauder of the delightful Miss Gwennie Mars. Still, Mr. Pélissier and the ingenious Mr. Arthur Wimperis might think it over, might consider whether a *revue* more closely satirising the essentials of the pieces handled would not draw all theatrical London.



AUTHOR, LEADING MAN, AND DESIGNER OF COSTUMES AND POSTERS: MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH, WITH MISS OLGA MORRA, IN HIS FARCE, "BILLY'S BARGAIN," AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith is the author of "Billy's Bargain," takes the leading part in it, and has designed the dresses and posters. He is here seen, as Billy, making love to Miss Olga Morra in the character of a brigand's wife.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



A FALL THAT WAS BROKEN BY A FLOCK OF WILD GEESE: BILLY BEING THROWN OVER A PRECIPICE BY BRIGANDS, IN "BILLY'S BARGAIN."

"Billy's Bargain" is a mixture of farce and melodrama. Billy, being in debt to the tune of £10,000, which a stern parent refuses to produce, plots with some brigands that they shall capture him, extract a ransom from his father, and share the proceeds. The father discovers the plot, and refuses to pay, whereupon the brigands throw Billy over a precipice. His fall is broken, however, by a flock of wild geese, and he is saved.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



## AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH "JIM."

MR. ARTHUR PRINCE'S MOUTHPIECE IN HIS FAMOUS VENTRILOQUIAL SCENAS.



1. "FROM 'THE SKETCH,' ARE YOU? I NEVER TAKE THE PAPER."
2. "TAKE THE ARMCHAIR. I ALWAYS REST IN THE AFTERNOON; THAT IS THE WORST OF THESE LATE NIGHTS AT THE PALACE."
3. "A STORY? I NEVER TELL THEM. ASK MY FRIEND MR. PRINCE."

4. "HE'S GOT MY DRINK AGAIN! REALLY, MR. PRINCE IS—WELL, NEVER MIND."
5. "AND SOMETIMES MR. PRINCE RIGS ME UP LIKE A BEASTLY JOCKEY—AND WHAT A MOUNT!"
6. "THANKS, I WILL HAVE A CIGARETTE IF YOU DON'T MIND."

7. "I CAN DO ANYTHING BUT READ."
8. "THIS IS BETTER THAN GETTING UP AT FOUR BELLS."
9. "OH, WHAT A HEAD! THAT'S THE WORST OF THESE STRONG DRINKS."
10. "GOOD-BYE. MIND YOU SEND ME A COPY OF 'THE SKETCH,' FREE."

Mr. Arthur Prince varies his extraordinary ventriloquial performance—in which he makes his sailor puppet talk, even while drinking a whisky-and-soda—with a racing scena in which the same puppet is a jockey. Mr. Prince is at present appearing at the Palace.—[Centre Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



MR. BERT LEVY, THE INIMITABLE CARTOONIST.

A PHILOSOPHER and an artist turned showman. That, in a phrase, defines Mr. Bert Levy, the inimitable cartoonist, who is filling an engagement at the Palace Theatre, where, without a spoken word, he not only interests the audiences, but rouses them to enthusiasm and laughter. In his command over his audience Mr. Levy exercises the same

sway as a well-graced actor, who, by constant repetition, knows exactly the effect which each line is capable of producing on his public. Absorbed as he is in his work, his mind is nevertheless always on the alert to note any incident in the audience which he can turn to his own account. A night or two ago, for instance, when the house was hushed in silence as Mr. Levy, with deft fingers, etched the features of a popular statesman on the blackened plate, a man sneezed loudly. Straightway, in a corner of the plate, the artist wrote the familiar "God bless you." An answering roar of laughter told that his humorously sympathetic remark had gone right home. A night or two before that he wrote on the plate "London is a beautiful city." The audience

One night, at a moving-picture show, the thought flashed on him that if he could work in a circle of the size of the photograph and have it enlarged on a sheet by means of a lantern, he would achieve his end and appear to be drawing pictures with a diameter of fifteen feet. Devising the apparatus, however, took a long time. From Australia he went to America, and landed in San Francisco with next to no money and two drawings of Jewish subjects. The proprietor of the *San Francisco Call*, Mr. Spreckels,

had just bought a Jewish novel, "The Fugitive," and as soon as he saw the drawings he said—"This is the man to illustrate that story."

With the money he earned, Mr. Levy started across the Continent. On the road he got "broke," and in Kansas City paid his hotel bill and earned money to take him to Chicago by painting numbers on the rooms and doing odd work. In Chicago he worked until he had made his fare to New York. New York, however, was not at first golden, and for five days the only food he tasted was from free-lunch counters. Eventually, however, he secured a job in the art department of a large picture store. With his salary he set to work to build a new apparatus, with which he went about the various theatres trying to get an opening. But night after night he was ordered away, for no one would believe that the shabby-looking man was a fine artist. One night Mr. Hammerstein ordered him away. The sequel is curious. Just before he started on this engagement at the Palace Theatre he was playing his twelfth engagement at Mr. Hammerstein's music-hall in New York. Mr. Hammerstein was keen to keep him for the summer, and begged him to remain. "I can't," said Mr. Levy; "I have signed to appear at the Palace." "Well, I will cable to the Palace and beg them to let me keep you," suggested Mr. Hammerstein. Mr. Levy smiled. "It's rather different treatment from when you shooed me away from your theatre, isn't it?" "Well," replied Mr. Hammerstein, "how was I to know what you could do, when you came hanging around wearing those unspeakable clothes?"

In spite of his brilliant success, attested by some eight hundred cities and towns, Mr. Levy is far from satisfied. His ambition is to devote himself to drawing the children of the Ghetto, as Phil May drew the children of the gutter and Charles Dana Gibson draws the women of the ball-room.



A STAR AS A CHILD: MISS MURIEL TERRY AS SALI.

Miss Muriel Terry has taken the part of the child Sali in Frederic Delius' opera, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," produced during the Beecham season at Covent Garden.

Photograph by Tillmann-Matter.

looked on the words in stolid silence for a moment. Then two men applauded. Quick as a flash came the words "Thank you; both of you." The spontaneity of the humour touched the audience, and it showed its appreciation of the cleverness, first by rocking with laughter and then applauding vociferously. Mr. Levy's power over an audience is, indeed, remarkable, and probably hardly a night goes by without his giving some evidence of it. The other evening he did a particularly fine cartoon of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was received in stony silence. Mr. Levy picked up his drawing-point and wrote, "Your enthusiasm overwhelms me." It was merely prophetic, for the next moment the audience expressed its enthusiasm in the usual manner.

Mr. Levy's success was not won without a more than ordinary struggle. He is a British subject. He was born in Australia, was originally intended for a scenic artist, and worked with Mr. George Gordon, one of the best scenic artists in the Commonwealth. His salary he augmented by drawing for the *Sydney Bulletin*, during part of the time Phil May was on its staff. Then he began to write as a journalist, and successfully. At social entertainments he was in great request for sketching on the blackboard, but he found that his work was not visible at the end of the room, and he began to plan a method to have it enlarged.



WALPURG IN "FEUERSNOT": MISS CAROLINE HATCHARD.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



DIEMUTH IN STRAUSS'S "FEUERSNOT," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MISS MAUDE FAY.

It was arranged that "Feuersnot," an early opera of Richard Strauss, should be produced by Mr. Thomas Beecham at His Majesty's on Saturday. Miss Maude Fay took the part of Diemuth.—[Photograph by Grainer.



URSULE IN STRAUSS'S "FEUERSNOT": MISS EDYTH EVANS.

Miss Edyth Evans, the famous young Welsh soprano, heads the list of prima donnas in the Beecham Opera Comique season. It was arranged that she should play Ursule in Richard Strauss's "Feuersnot."

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



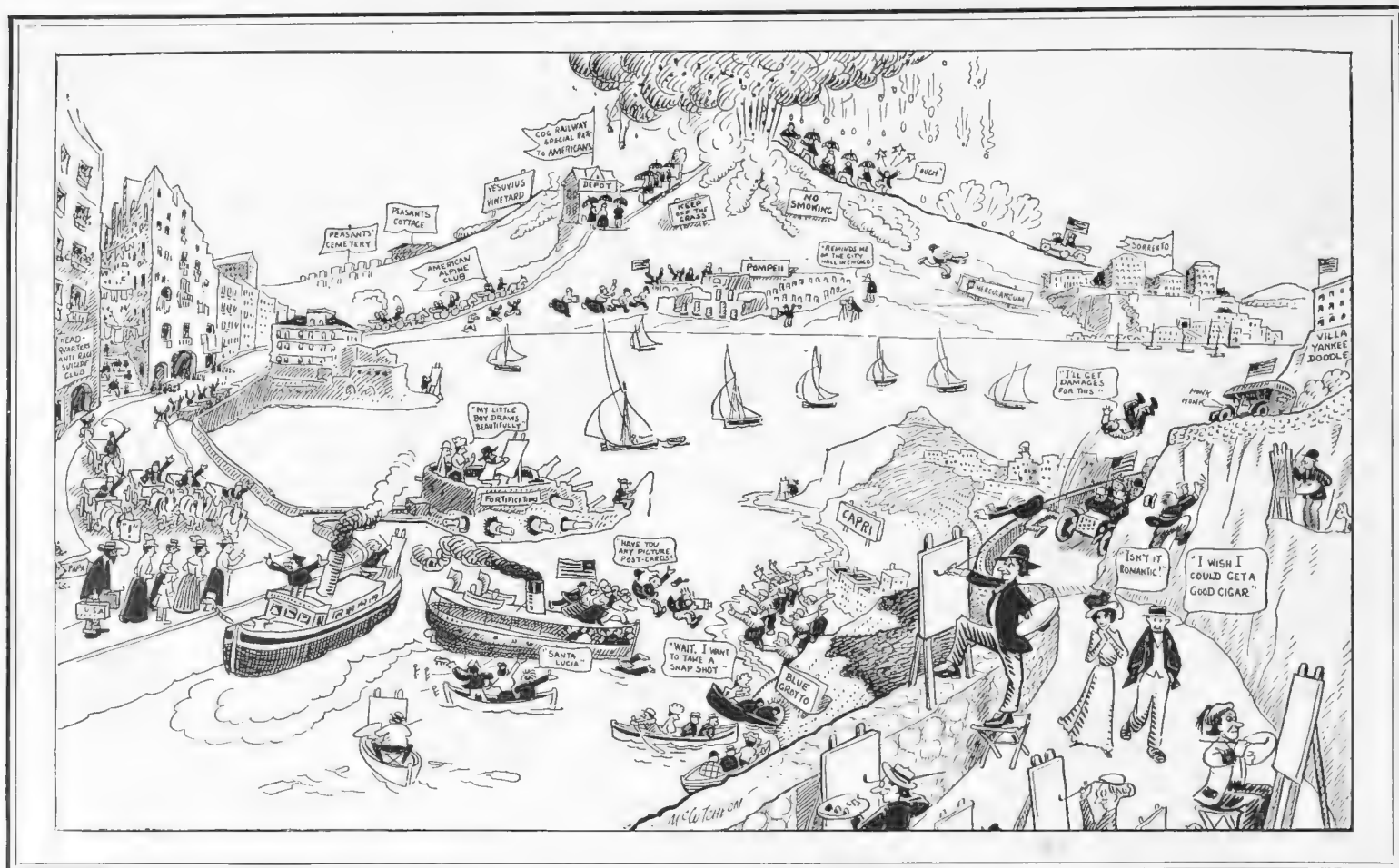
A STUDY IN DOMESTICITY BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



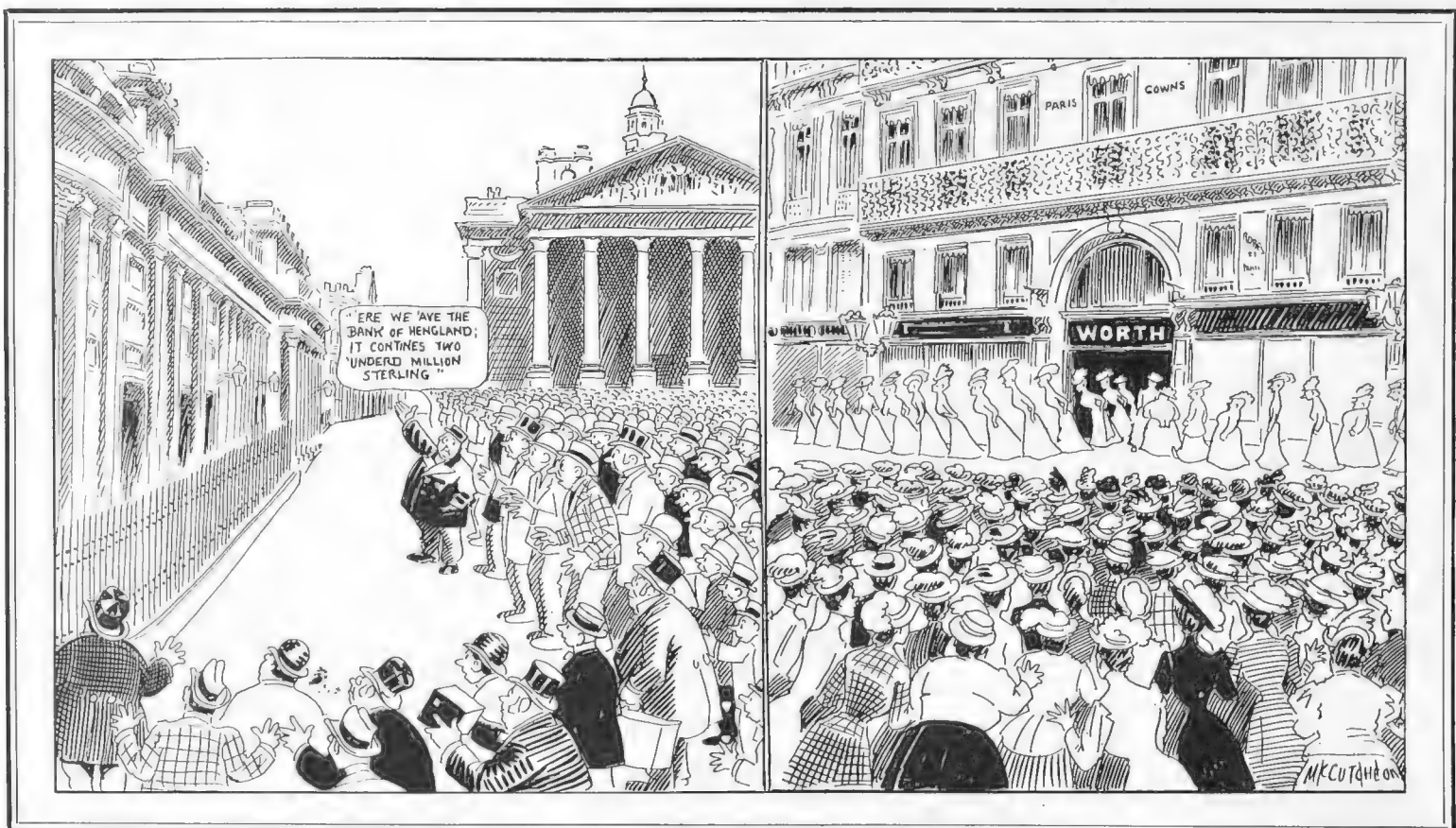
THE MOTHER'S HELP.



## THE AMERICAN INVASION OF EUROPE.



IX.—NAPLES. OBEYING THE MAXIM, "SEE NAPLES AND DIE."

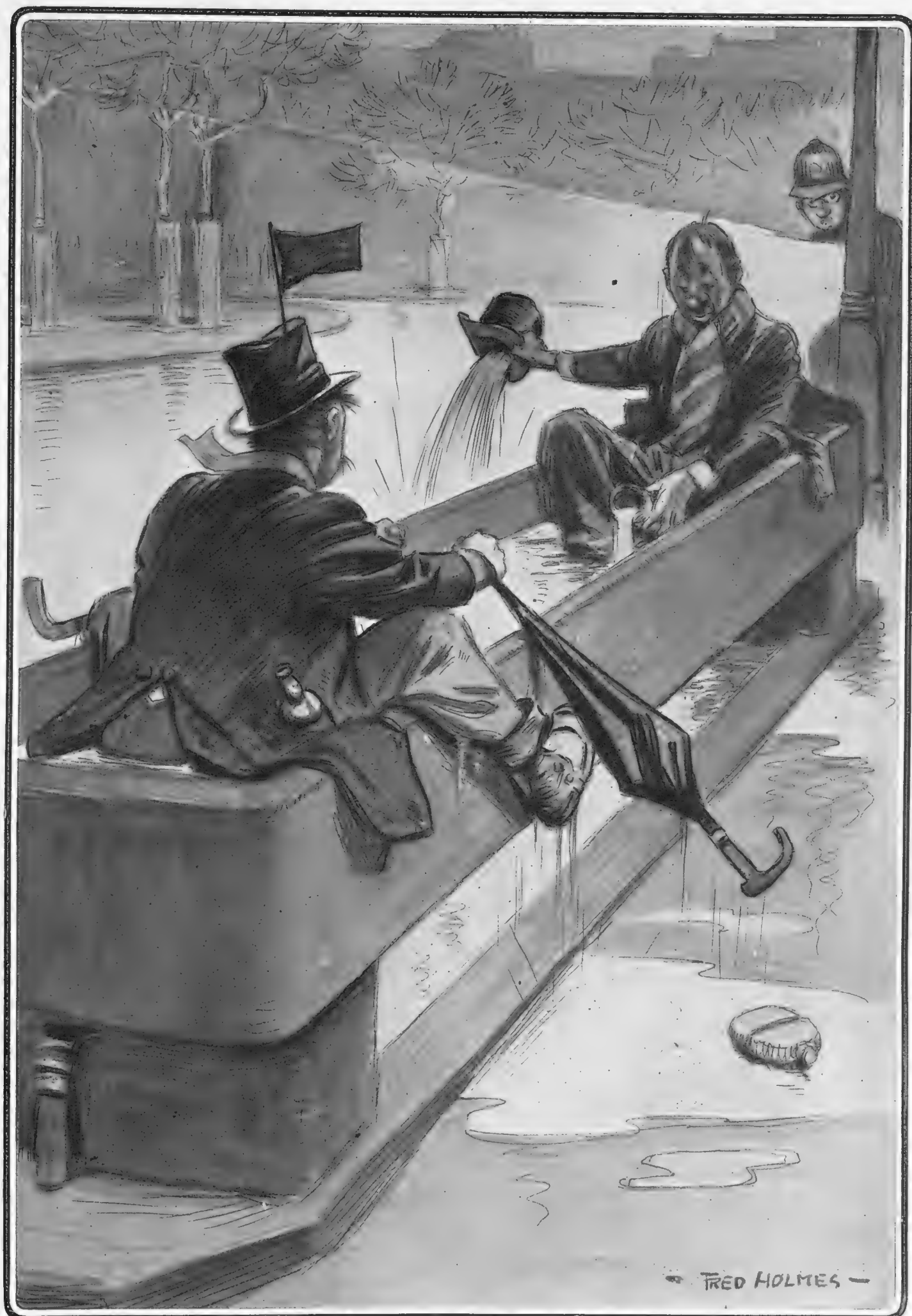


X.—ON THEIR WAY BACK. LONDON: THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

XI.—LONDON: SHOPPING AT WORTH'S.



## IN THE TROUGH OF THE WAVES.



FIRST ENTHUSIAST (to SECOND, after a day—and evening—at Henley, busy baling out water): Most 'xtraordinary strong tide, Percival me boysh—afraid wisshall losesh the race—sh. (Tries another spurt.)

DRAWN BY FRED HOLMES.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## THE ADVENTURES OF A FRONTIERSMAN.

"HIS experiences as Engineer, Sheep Station Hand, Nigger Driver, Hunter, Trader, Transport Rider, Labour Agent, Cold Storage Engineer, Explorer, Lecturer, Pressman, American Soldier, Blockade-Runner, Tramp"—so runs the sub-title of a book\* which, for its fresh and absorbing interest, stands far above the ordinary ruck of books of travel, autobiography, or sporting reminiscences. Few are the books, too, which embody so thoroughly the spirit of Kipling's "Lost Legion," that—

... Legion that never was listed,  
That carries no colours or crest,  
But, split in a thousand detachments,  
Is breaking the road for the rest.

Mr. Hyatt went out, "as a youngster of seventeen," to an Australian sheep farm, which bored him so much that he returned to Sydney, "absolutely broke," sold his dress-suit, and, after one or two odd jobs, came home. The next continent he tried was Africa.

"I was twenty when I went out to Matabeleland, but I looked a good deal older. I remember I proposed to a girl two or three days before I sailed, and, after receiving a qualified acceptance, was quite sentimental for some time, really until I began to get some good shooting. Then I forgot that she, being wise, had ceased to write."

It may be mentioned here (though out of the order of events) that after his long wanderings love has come to him in a more lasting form. "Most of my old friends," he writes, "have gone. . . . I have been one of the fortunate ones, thanks to my Good Comrade; but had she not married me, had she not taken the risk she did in linking her life to that of an unsuccessful son of Ishmael, I should long since have been back on the frontier, killing time until the Inevitable happened."

The author went, with a brother, to Matabeleland, as electrical engineer to a mining company; but after two years in a mining camp, he left it and, with his brother, went on a hunting expedition. It was just before the Boer War. One day their boy ran into camp to say that war had broken out, and that four Dutchmen, on their way to the front, had off-saddled close by. "Had they known that two Englishmen were there with six valuable donkeys, I fancy we should have got short shrift. As a matter of fact, only one was a Boer, two being Cape Colonials, and the fourth a German doctor. . . . I met the Boer afterwards, and I found him, like most of his kind, very decent and very slow-witted. He told me the fate of the German doctor. It was tragic—and very suitable. He was found killing off the British wounded, after one of the fights, skulking round, shooting in their faces with a revolver. Two Tommies got him with their bayonets. He scrambled on the ground, begging for mercy, which he did not get."

It is impossible even to indicate in outline the scope of this engrossing

book. Every page is crammed with incident and movement, while the author's unconscious self-revelation, his devotion, for instance, to his brother who died in Manila, and his affection for his animals, grip the reader's sympathy. He writes, too, in a style perfectly sincere and unaffected, and seasoned with a mordant humour.

One enterprise began in characteristic fashion. "For a whole day, after we decided to quit prospecting, we lay on our beds and evolved futile schemes. Then, towards evening, Amyas sat up suddenly. 'Let's go round the world on nothing,' he said. 'We can lecture, both of us; and you can write newspaper articles, whilst I can play the banjo.'" So they actually did! "I left Rhodesia dead broke; and yet I love the country, and I believe in the country."

After amusing experiences as lecturers in Mauritius, they had to leave as Distressed British Citizens. They went to Ceylon "as deck-passengers among the coolies and the Chows," and the voyage gives the author an opportunity of denouncing the ship-owners for the conditions under which the coolies travel: "This coolie emigrant-track on the Indian Ocean has become a scandal and a disgrace."

But the most exciting experiences and the fiercest denunciations come at the end of the book, when the brothers were in the Philippines as war-correspondents for Manila papers and volunteers accompanying American troops. The author can find nothing too bad to say of American politicians (with one or two exceptions), and nothing too good of the American troops and the American journalists in the islands. His scathing attacks on the "little brown brother" policy in the Philippines should interest Sir Eldon Gorst.

"At the time we reached the Philippines there was an additional reason why the army should be kept in the background. Theodore Roosevelt was standing for the Presidency a second time, and he and William H. Taft had both assured the American nation that the brown-brother policy had resulted in the pacification of the islands. . . . At all costs, the troops had to be kept out of the field, even though, as was literally the case, the natives were slaughtering one another by thousands up in the jungle. . . . Within the year nearly a hundred thousand of the natives of Samar perished, and the island was absolutely ruined; but still, the election was won."

It was at Manila that the author's younger brother, who had been with him in all his adventures, died suddenly from anthrax, and here the book ends on a tragic note: "I left the Philippines, and then I wandered up the China Coast, to Japan, Vancouver, San Francisco, and thence across the United States. Finally, I came home to England, only twenty-eight in point of years, but middle-aged in reality, penniless, disappointed, weary, a broken man, to begin life anew—if I could. And that my Good Comrade has made possible."



A MONUMENT TO ONE WHOSE FAME IS WRIT IN CHAMPAGNE: DOM PERIGNON, ITS DISCOVERER.

This statue of Dom Perignon, the discoverer of champagne, stands at Reims. He was a Benedictine monk in the Abbey of Hautvillers, and lived from 1638 to 1715. The statue itself and the figures of the two children are in bronze. Dom Perignon may well claim, with Horace, that by his use of "the foaming grape of Eastern France," he has raised for himself "a monument more enduring than brass."—[Photograph by Frank.]



THE WHITE WIFE OF THE BLACK BOXER: MRS. JACK JOHNSON.

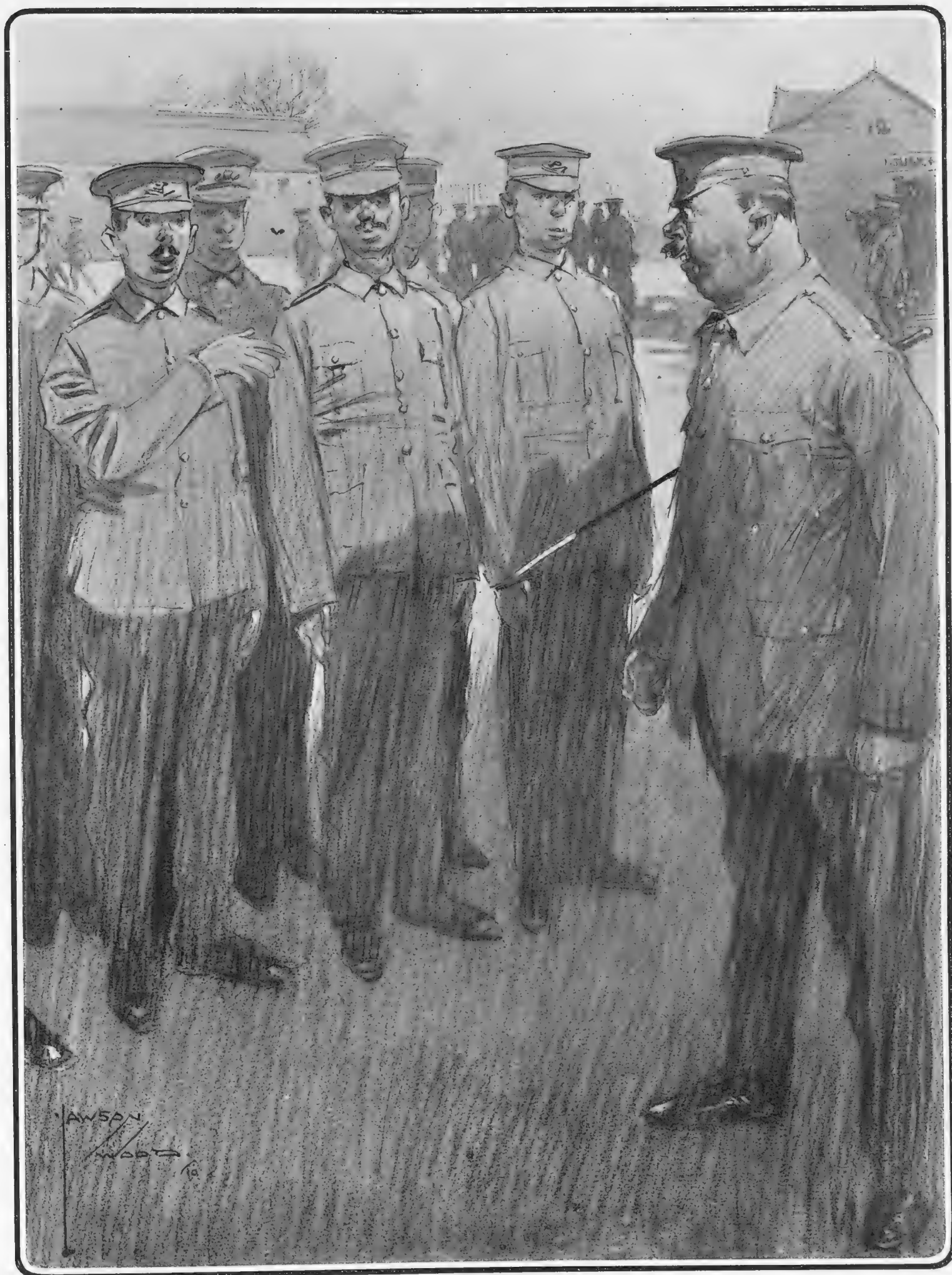
Mrs. Jack Johnson enjoys the distinction of being the wife of the champion heavy-weight boxer of the world. At the great contest at Reno, when her husband defeated Jeffries, she was present, and before the fight began was seen chatting and laughing with her friends. She also accompanied him to Sydney when he went to encounter Tommy Burns.

Photograph by Lafayette.

\* "The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

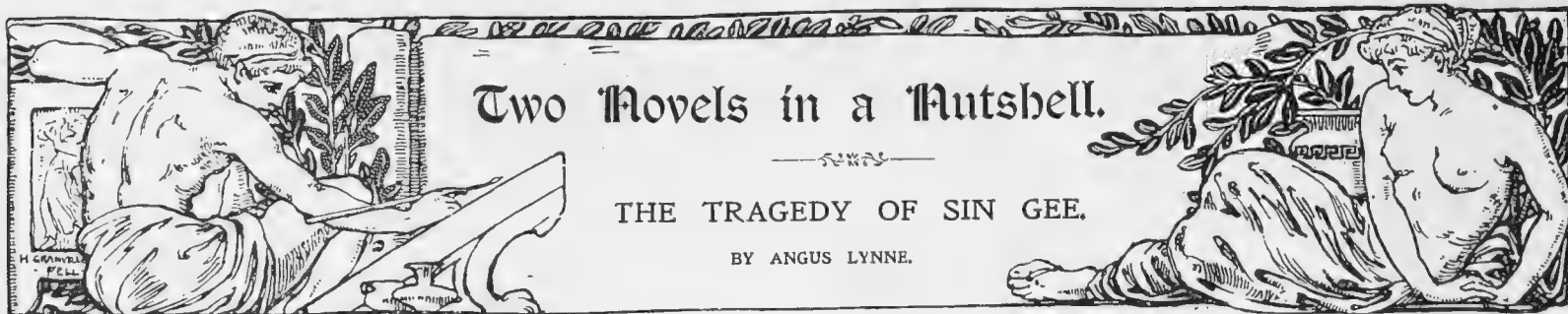


A BURNING QUESTION.



THE SERGEANT: Now then, what do you mean by moving your arm like that without orders?  
THE RECRUIT: A fly was worryin' me, Sergeant, and I brushed 'im off my nose.  
THE SERGEANT: Then why the blazes don't you get a nose like mine and burn his legs off!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



SIN GEE was born, not so many years ago, in a narrow street off the main road through Malacca, and, in consequence, when he played happily with his little fellow-citizens in the lovely, juicy mud, he had his absurd little pigtail—about two inches long—carefully braided with crimson silk by his anxious mother, thereby proclaiming to all and sundry that, under the little beaded “stomacher”—his sole garment—a tiny “Straits-born” Chinaman existed.

His family was not very prosperous then, though Sin Thye, his father, had put away a respectable amount since the days when, ten years before, he had run, naked and perspiring, in front of a rickshaw in Singapore. And it was not until Sin Gee was eight that the family—there were a few girls, but, of course, they didn’t count—moved into the wonderful blue-fronted house on the main street, and Sin Thye took his proper place as rich, influential “Towkey,” member of the local Council, and respected in Tin and Rubber circles.

Sin Gee remembered his first delightful tour of inspection through the new house. The front steps, especially the one bridging the deep, ever-running gutter, were a pleasure to the boy’s eye with their regular pattern of blue and white squares. The very ornamental cornice over the front door and windows, with its intricate designs of birds, beasts, and fruit, gay with brilliant enamel, was a source of constant delight. Then the beautifully carved and gilded day-doors, swinging both ways on noiseless hinges, needed but a touch of tiny fingers to give a vision of ordered neatness and Oriental simplicity in the marble-tiled day-room or hall of the house.

Here, in the cool darkness, among the few heavy, black, carved chairs, the two tiny tables, and facing the shrine with its row of smouldering “joss-sticks,” Sin Thye would sit of an evening in his brown oiled-silk suit (one fat, bare foot under him, the other fishing for, catching and dropping a slipper under his chair), in endless conversations—which would cease on Sin Gee’s noiseless approach—with strange men of varied garb.

Then, through a doorless arch, the big living, dining, and bath-room of the house, roofless in the centre—where the tap and bath were—was a grand place for hide-and-seek, if played with great skill and without a sound. The kitchen and other rooms up the narrow stairs—windowless most of them—had no attraction for little Sin Gee; but his own tiny room at the back, overlooking the sea when the tide was in, the mile of mud when it was out, Sin Gee fell in love with at once.

“This is mine,” he said, stamping his tiny foot. And it was.

At twelve a great trial came into his young life. It was decreed that he should go to Singapore to school, and a weeping, dishevelled Sin Gee accompanied his father on the *Bentong*—for once without attraction for the boy—to the seat of learning, and was duly installed as scholar in the famous Raffles’ Institution.

A very different and blasé Sin Gee returned at seventeen, after periodical visits, to the blue-fronted house in Malacca. He had acquired, among other things more or less desirable, a thorough knowledge of what passed for European “slang”; the ability to smoke cigarettes with marvellous rapidity; a taste for dress (acquired from Eurasian schoolfellows) which ran to bright colours and jewellery, and a knowledge of evil (from the same source) that, had he known of it, would have astonished hard-hearted old Sin Thye himself. One thing saved the boy. His wonderful intelligence, enabling him at once to pick out the good from the bad, while it drove him to lengths from which a timid spirit would have shrunk, kept him calm, cold, and slightly contemptuous through the worst orgies, gave him the power of striking a balance afterwards and, even when it went against him, seeing the humour of the great game of Life.

At nineteen he had made a trip to Calcutta and had seen and grasped the wonderful organisation of a Government which, at ten thousand miles’ distance, could keep such a system going; and a great respect for the genius of the white man entered his being.

His clothes took a milder form. The “pyjama” effect had almost gone from his trousers, and buttons nearly superseded loops and knots. He joined two clubs—his own “Sports” Club for young Chinese “bloods” and a Social Club of rather mixed membership, where he met young white men of the banks and business houses, and where, one day, at a tennis-match, he met and was introduced to Mary Gordon.

Tyndal of the bank was his sponsor, and Tyndal, to use his own words, “owed young Sin Gee a bit”; but, however it was done, it sufficed, and Sin Gee met Mary Gordon.

There are many girls of her type in our Colonies. If manner and speech went for anything, she was a lady; but—there *was* a but, and it only came out after you had known her a while. “What

a charming girl,” you said, when you had danced with her once. “She plays a ripping game, but I didn’t *quite* like her saying that,” was the verdict after the second set of tennis. Then, after an evening at bridge, well, you were sorry, but . . .

She greeted Sin Gee charmingly—he had just won his match, and really played well—she *did* so like a talk to foreigners, and did they *really* make their ladies tie up their poor feet? She couldn’t bear it!

Sin Gee looked straight into the large, liquid violet eyes—poor boy, he was only twenty!

Tyndal of the bank did pretty well. It was rather funny that his own fellows were not more with him. “He’s always hanging about with Chinamen,” said some. “Perhaps he’s learning the language,” said the charitable. “He’s always talking of the Hong Kong branch.”

“Sin Gee’s allowance—which was a very generous one—seemed to go much sooner than usual. He had his own bank-account, and on the first of every month a cheque with Sin Thye’s “chop” was paid in.

Once he overdrew, and he went to his father.

Sin Thye looked at his only son and heir.

“How much?” he said, and when he heard the amount he smiled a grim smile.

Mary Gordon had a new diamond bracelet “sent from London.” A beauty; but it was a pity that there had been “one just like it” at “Goo Sung’s,” on Station Street. People will talk.

Sin Gee was not much at the office these days. The old man never asked for him when he was out, and his work was done by a subordinate.

He sat many evenings looking over the shining sea in his little room at the back; and the mud, in addition to the usual family refuse, received many pieces of torn paper into its soft and retentive bosom.

One Saturday Sin Gee ordered the new Ralli-cart, that he had got from Calcutta, and his thousand-dollar cob, ready for seven o’clock. On the way to the club, at five, he pulled out a tiny note many times, and once—in the dark hall just beside the stairs—he pressed it to his lips. Poor Sin Gee!

He played billiards with a friend until five-thirty, when young Loke Yew came in. Now, young Loke Yew was a friend of Sin Gee’s who was not a friend.

His father was a “Captain,” and in the Straits Settlements, where Chinese labour is employed, a “Captain” is a Cæsar of Cæsars, and, like unto a Tammany Boss, can do no wrong. Loke Yew the elder was “it.”

Did young Loke Yew know of Mary Gordon? Perhaps, for he said—

“Tyndal of the bank is leaving to-day. Wired for from Hong-Kong. A good rise, I believe.”

Sin Gee played his stroke carefully.

“Another friend of yours is going, Sin Gee. Thought you’d like to know. . . .”

Sin Gee ran down off the red.

“Miss Gordon. They say she’s engaged to Tyndal, and they’ll be married in Singapore while they are waiting for the China Mail.”

Sin Gee tried a “long jenny,” but his tip came off—he *had* struck rather hard.

“Damn rotten cues these are!” he broke out. “I’m done playing, but I’ll make a complaint.”

He went to the “Complaint Book” in the desk by the window, wrote “Damn rotten cues!” but broke the pencil on the last word, went to the lavatory and carefully washed the chalk off his fingers, then put on his coat, buttoning the buttons slowly.

Halfway down the stairs he pulled out his watch, then hurried slightly, but soon resumed his easy walk.

At the landing he found that the boats with the passengers for Singapore had gone down the river on their long pull out to the steamer. He looked at his watch again. Then he called a boatman, who came running.

“No!” he said to the man. “No!” and walked slowly away.

The carved and gilded day-doors opened to his touch, and in the cool, tiled room, with its dark oak chairs, Sin Thye sat waiting in brown oiled silk, one fat foot under him.

“Son,” he said, “sit!” and Sin Gee sat.

“Next week you will marry Gi Ling, only daughter of Loke Tew. In one month you will take charge of my branch office in Kuala Lumpor. Your salary will be one thousand dollars a month, and a fifth share in my business.”

Sin Gee rose from his chair and slowly toiled up the narrow stair.

[Continued overleaf.]



## A REPUBLICAN CANTON MADE INTO A PRINCIPALITY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRISCILLA RUNS AWAY": LUCERNE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.



1. THE OLDEST CHÂLET ON LAKE LUCERNE: THE BEAUTIFUL OLD INN AT TREIB.
2. THE INEVITABLE WILLIAM TELL: A MONUMENT TO THE PATRIOT IN ALTDORF MARKET-PLACE.
3. WHERE SHERLOCK HOLMES IS SUPPOSED (BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE) TO HAVE MET HIS DEATH: THE REICHENBACH FALLS, NEAR MEIRINGEN.

4. IN THE TOWN WHERE WILLIAM TELL SHOT THE APPLE: ANOTHER VIEW OF HIS STATUE AT ALTDORF WITH ITS REALISTIC BACKGROUND.
5. A RELIC OF NAPOLEON'S CROSSING THE ALPS: THE OLD ROAD (IN THE FOREGROUND) THROUGH THE SCHOLLENEN GORGE.
6. THE TOURISTS' METROPOLIS BY DAY: LUCERNE—SWITZERLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL TOWN, WITH MOUNT PILATUS IN THE BACKGROUND.
7. LUCERNE AND MOUNT PILATUS AT NIGHT: A VIEW FROM THE LAKE.

On this page we give some beautiful views not only of the town and canton whose name the Countess von Arnim has chosen for the hero's title in her play at the Haymarket, "Priscilla Runs Away"—namely, the Prince of Lucerne—but also of some of the neighbouring places in this most lovely district of the country which has been fittingly called "The Playground of Europe." These places are now very easily accessible to English holiday-makers, seeing that the Polytechnic Touring Association, of Regent Street, which has done so much to promote facilities for travel, makes a speciality of its tours to Lucerne and the surrounding districts.

(See Article elsewhere.) Photographs by S. J. Beckett. F.R.P.S.

He sat before the window, and one hand held a little note, the other clutched the sill.

The evening sun struck the white sides of the *Selangor*, just coming to anchor two miles from shore. The shore-boats were already alongside, and the gangway was crowded. Sin Gee thought he saw a white dress.

The note fluttered down to the mud, which greedily swallowed it. Sin Gee rose wearily, and from a drawer took out a packet of letters and a small revolver.

The *Selangor* blew a long note on her whistle. Sin Gee could see the white steam; then afterwards, when the steam had all gone,

a long, low boom came to him. The boats were pulling shorewards. Sin Gee dropped the letters into the mud and watched them disappear; then, after a long hesitation, he threw the revolver from him and slowly descended the stairs.

His father waited in the cool, dark room. He had just caught his slipper with his bare toes, and now he flung it off.

His eyes met those of Sin Gee. There was interrogation, something of appeal, and something else in them.

"Yes, father," said Sin Gee.

The old man drew a long, silent breath.

"My son!" he said softly.

## A NOVEL IDEA.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

"WHY don't you write a novel?" said Betty suddenly.

"Why don't you?" I retorted.

Betty gave a delightfully sly smile.

"You won't tell anybody, will you?"

"I'll be a perfect mausoleum of silence," I promised.

She hesitated, glanced over her shoulder to see if anyone had entered the room, and then bent forward.

"I am," she confided in a whisper.

Leaning back in her chair, she regarded me expectantly.

"Great Scott!" I murmured.

Betty looked somewhat indignant at my, perhaps, too excessive surprise.

"Well, why shouldn't I?" she demanded.

"No reason at all," I cried hastily. "Goodness knows, paper is cheap enough. What's it about?"

"It's quite original," she declared proudly.

"I never met an author whose wasn't," I remarked pessimistically. "What's particularly original about yours—the title?"

"Don't be so horrid," she protested, with a pout. "It's all original."

"Then it won't sell," I affirmed.

"Oh, well, it's not as original as all that. I'll tell you about it. For one thing—" She stopped suddenly, and looked at me suspiciously. "I suppose you are interested?"

I took my hand from my mouth in some confusion.

"Intensely," I asserted. "You were saying. . ."

"Well, I wasn't saying anything, as a matter of fact. I was only going to."

"Keep going," I said encouragingly.

"Well"—she nestled more comfortably among the cushions—"take the hero, for instance. He's not the ordinary hero, of course."

"H'm," I said enthusiastically.

"In fact," she admitted frankly, "he's not really a hero at all."

"Good," I commented with a nod. "What are you calling the book? 'The Hero who Isn't'?"

"Don't be sarcastic, now. When I say he *isn't* a hero, of course I don't quite mean that."

"The great charm of this book," I murmured appreciatively, "will be its lucidity. What is he then?"

"Well. . . ." she hesitated and glanced round the room as if in search of a suitable description.

"He's just a man," she explained with a burst of frankness.

"Now we're getting on. That settles his sex at the start. It's always as well not to have any doubt on a subject like that. Is there anything else striking about him? What colour is his hair?"

"I haven't mentioned his hair," said Betty, not quite sure whether to be indignant.

"Well, you'll have to," I informed her reprovingly. "Otherwise they may think he's bald. Unless. . ." I broke off and meditated for a moment.

"A bald hero would be rather a novelty," I suggested.

Betty looked at me in hurt reproach.

"And the heroine," I went on, becoming interested, "could invent a hair-restorer and so win his love. And the villain"—I began to get quite excited—"could bag the recipe and get out a patent first. You could have quite an emotional scene where he refuses to sell the hero a bottle."

"Even if you're not interested," said Betty pathetically, "you needn't laugh."

"I was trying to help you," I pleaded. "Go on about the hero, then."

"If you *must* know," she said sharply, "the hero is something like you."

"The dickens!" I ejaculated in dismay.

"Only better," she added. "You needn't sneer, because he is."

"And the heroine?" I asked mildly.

Betty had the grace to blush.

"She's like me," she said aggressively.

"Only better," I suggested.

"She's different," she admitted, "in some ways."

"To make her interesting," I opined.

Betty glanced at me coldly.

"And they're in love with each other," she mentioned.

"Just so," I said.

"And the villain loves her too."

"I see," I assented; "the two love her."

"The two—" Betty looked puzzled for a moment, and then light came to her. "Oh, you mean the *two*. Yes, they both do." She glanced at me with her head on one side. "What do you think of it?"

"Is—is that the plot?" I gasped.

Betty hesitated.

"That's all I've thought of so far," she admitted. "I want you to help me."

"'Help' is very good," I murmured. "Have you decided who is to marry the girl?"

"Why, the hero, of course."

"I don't see any 'of course' about it. Because she mightn't discover who is the hero until she hasn't married him. Lots of women don't."

Betty knitted her brows in thought.

"But then," she complained, "there wouldn't be any proper ending to the book."

"Not strictly 'proper,'" I admitted. "It's to be quite a conventional novel, then?"

"You see there's mamma," explained Betty with a slight shrug.

I nodded understandingly. To be compelled to write with one eye on the general public and the other on my aunt would handicap most writers.

"I was thinking," remarked Betty brightly, "that the villain might be rich."

"They all are," I said. "Though which is the cause and which the effect—"

"And a Lord," she interrupted.

"'Peer' is more customary nowadays," I corrected. "But I see you've got the idea all right."

"And the hero, what shall he be?"

"Make him a Labour leader," I hazarded. "One man is as good as another, and that sort of thing."

"But then he couldn't be a *leader*, could he?" she objected.

"Oh, well, but he can be the exception. They all are. That'll be the human touch."

Betty shook her head.

"I think I shall make him an author," she announced.

"Aren't you afraid of making this novel too original?" I hinted.

"Still, have it your own way. Let him be philanthropic, and give copies of his books to the public libraries."

"Do they do that?" asked Betty doubtfully.

"The second edition," I explained. "The first, of course, is sent to the reviewers."

"I didn't know that," she admitted frankly.

"Don't let that discourage you. If you knew everything, there'd be nothing left to write about."

Betty looked somewhat daunted. "I never thought a novel was so hard to write," she murmured disconsolately.

"They're harder to read," I cheered her; "and that won't be your share."

"Of course," she reflected, "there must be money in it, or they wouldn't do it, would they?"

"Money can be the only inducement in most cases," I agreed.

"Some people write for fame, though, don't they?" she inquired musingly.

"They die young," I assured her, "so they don't count. Laurels are not exactly a nourishing diet."

Betty punched a cushion into a more comfortable position.

"Posterity," I continued dreamily, "paradoxically enough, means *no* circulation when you're alive, and a good circulation when you're dead."

Betty regarded me gloomily.

"You're very bright to-day," she remarked—"quite cheerful."

"I thought," she continued pathetically, "it would be so original to write a book."

"It would be much more so to *buy* one," I affirmed.

Betty shrugged her shoulders discouraged.

"I won't write one at all then," she declared.

"Now," I cried admiringly, "that *is* a novel idea."

THE END.



# THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

WHEN last I wrote, the prospects of the season that will open next month were distinctly brighter than they are to-day. The torrential rains and heavy thunderstorms that came

with the beginning of July have demanded tribute in young game chicks from Land's End to John o' Groats. Here, in a southern county, I have picked up several dead partridge and pheasant chicks in the past two days, though I have not been looking for them; while, beyond a doubt, very many have been carried off by rats. A note from the keeper of a moor I have shot over regularly in the past ten years tells me that a number of young birds have succumbed to the bad weather, the rain having been varied with hailstorms. It is not the amount of rain that has done the damage, but rather the violence of the downpour. The game chicks are either drowned or, if on heavy clay land, are smothered.



WIFE OF A V.C. EARL: THE COUNTESS OF DUNMORE.

The Countess of Dunmore was Miss Lucinda Kemble, of Knock, Isle of Skye. She married the Earl when he was Viscount Fincastle. He is a V.C. King Edward was godfather to Lady Dunmore's young son, Lord Fincastle.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

that the few pheasants and partridges I am rearing with the aid of the domestic hen are better off than a number of their neighbours whose liberty is unquestioned. My own birds are, without exception, those rescued from the impedimenta of the haymakers, and they will demand a great deal of care and attention before they begin to thrive. The partridges will be turned down as soon as they can fly and help themselves, but I am keeping the hen pheasants with a view of getting early eggs next year.

It is a pity that the close season for wild duck cannot be extended. In another three weeks the abominable business of "flapper-shooting" will be legal, and there will be many to indulge in it round me, for we have an abundance of flat and marshy water-meadows, where the mallard and his mate may be seen at any time of the year, and even teal are shot in winter. Duck



A DISTINGUISHED SWIMMER: THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL.

The Hon. Monica Grenfell, the elder of the two daughters of Lord and Lady Desborough, should have the Order of the Bath, she has so greatly distinguished herself in the swimming competitions at the Bath Club. She is not yet seventeen, and will be a debutante of next season.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Every student of game conditions knows that the last week of June and first fortnight of July have much to do with the success or failure of the partridge supply; it may be added that the grouse are hardly less sensitive at this season, and that a hailstorm works havoc among them. Unfortunately, Nature goes about her business with no care for game birds, or those who seek to preserve them, and I think

seem very plentiful this year, but the broods were hatched out rather late, and will be worth little to eat and nothing to shoot before September. Our game laws stand sadly in need of revision.

The practice of shooting black game in August is ridiculous, for the big birds have not yet entirely recovered from the effects of their moult, and the young ones have neither a hard flight nor full feathers. You could kill them with a catapult or a rook rifle. Unfortunately, these limitations do nothing to save the birds in parts where the shooting is rented by men who have no sense of the fitness of things. On shootings belonging to genuine sportsmen, it is the general practice in Scotland to leave black game alone until the partridges are shot, and these last are left alone until the corn is cut—a rather late operation north of Tweed, and one I have seen delayed until the last week in



WELL KNOWN IN THE HUNTING-FIELD: LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

Lady Willoughby de Broke, a well-known hunting-woman, is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Hanbury, of Strathgarve, Ross-shire, and Belmont, East Barnet. She is well known with the Warwickshire, of which her husband is Master.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

September. Estate agents who deal in grouse-moors and deer-forests are feeling very pleased with themselves this season. Hundreds of men who made an addition to their average income during the weeks when the British public discovered rubber are going north on the strength of it.

The question of river-pollution in rural districts is one that does not receive from the authorities



A YACHTSWOMAN WHO SAILS HER OWN BOAT: MISS TURNER-FARLEY.

Miss Turner-Farley owns and sails herself the racing yacht "Correnzia," in which she won the British trials in the Solent for 6-metre boats at Kiel Regatta. The "Correnzia" will therefore represent England at Kiel.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

the attention it deserves. I tramped along the banks of a river a few miles from here the other day with a friend who is the riparian owner of a great stretch of stream. Knowing him to be a keen fisherman, and seeing that the river, with its gravelly bed and abundant pools, might be turned at small expense into quite a favourable home for trout, I asked why he had not put some down. He told me that he had done so on three different occasions, only to find that at flood-time the sewage from the country town on the hills beyond him came down stream and killed all the fish. I pointed out that there is a Board of Fishery and Agriculture that is supposed to take cognisance of the town's offence; but he told me that he did not care to complain, for, if he did so, the Board might impose such sewage-works and sewage-rate upon the little place as would be a very serious burden to the inhabitants. MARK OVER.



AMONG THE HARRIS TWEEDS: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND LADY ROSABELLE ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE.

The Duchess of Sutherland has promoted with conspicuous success many philanthropic enterprises, among others a Cripples' Guild for the Potteries, the sale of Scottish peasant produce, and the technical education of poor lads in the North of Scotland. Her Grace has also found time to be an author and playwright. She is a golfer, an angler, and a hostess second to none. Lady Rosabelle St. Clair-Erskine is the daughter of Lord Rosslyn by his first marriage. Our photograph was taken at the recent sale of produce of Scottish Home Industries at a garden party at Sutherland House.—[Photograph by Central News.]



By HENRY LEACH.

**Imitating the Champion.**

Just because he is the five-times champion, and almost universally admitted to be the greatest golfer of all time, James Braid is naturally very much talked about at present. It is Braid this and Braid that, and particularly are the Braid methods all the prevailing fashion. All the golfers want to do what Braid does, or as near to it as in their feebler way they can. It is a little human weakness of theirs.

A very great player once said to me when we were enjoying some deep and philosophical reflections with each other, "All golfers are monkeys, or, at least, all very young golfers are monkeys." I did not like this way of putting things, so I said a little sharply, "Monkeys! monkeys! Why are we monkeys any more than horses, or lions, or tigers, or something very noble?" He shook his head. "No," he said, "golfers are monkeys, because they do nothing but imitate all the way through. They are always imitating somebody or something—

young golfers, anyhow. They don't do very much for themselves. Of course, I don't say they are any the worse for it." He paused for a moment as if hesitating whether he should speak his mind any further. Then he added, "In my early days I was myself a young monkey." That seemed to put it right, and now the golfers everywhere are more monkeys than ever they have been, and they are all wanting to imitate James Braid. When a man finds his ball in a thicket, instead of behaving in the foolish and ineffectual way that he once did, he now asks himself what Braid would do in like circumstances, and he sets about the job of extrication cheerfully, hopefully, and even scientifically. Then sometimes, when he hits a specially fine brassy shot, one which is really far too good for him, or does a low run up from sixty yards that lays the ball stone dead, he tells his opponent, who is almost sick with disgust at what he considers to be a most unholy fluke, that that is just how Braid does it, that he really learnt the shot from Braid, and that he can do it every time when he remembers—only, unfortunately, he does not always remember until it is too late. Most of the good shots that are being made throughout the country at the present time are being put down to the influence of Braid, and the bad ones to the local professional.

**A Splendid Teacher.**

Braid's game is really strongly individualistic, and though there is not so much art and poetry in it as there is in the game of some of the other great masters, it is a fine game to copy, because it is that of

a man who is a self-made golfer, whose methods are based on reason and experience, and it is a game that scores heavily all the time. Besides, when Braid teaches you things, as he does in his book, he does not say out plainly that you must do them his way or else you had better give up the game. He tells you the other ways, but

points out why he thinks his is the best, and so he coaxes you over. It is just the same when he is teaching you personally out on the links. You feel sometimes that you are just having a nice, pleasant argument, and are having rather the better of it, and then you find suddenly that his influence has been enormous, and that you are doing the things in his way after all. That is why Braid is one of the very best golf tutors who have ever taught. Moreover, if you have some habits which other people say are very bad indeed for you, and will surely send you to golfing perdition sooner or later, he is not afraid of telling you to stick to them if you find yourself doing

very well indeed with them and cannot do nearly so well in any other way. This is splendid.

**Maxims of Braid.**

Now here, in very brief, are two or three of the best, simplest, and most exclusive maxims of Braid: In order to drive a low ball—and most golfers of the medium and long handicap class drive far too high to get a good length—it is the general rule to make a low tee. The result is often that something in the nature of a half-topped stroke is made. Braid advises teeing the ball

rather high, and then taking it quite cleanly. Try it; the effect is often wonderful. Then he says that most golfers play their iron shots far too quickly, and for their proper regulation he counsels making a distinct pause at the top of the swing. That little hint has done more to transform bad iron players into good ones than any other dozen hints. The result is sometimes magical. One of Braid's great specialties is, of course, the run-up shot. For this, he says, the stance should be taken so that the ball is almost opposite the right foot, and the swing should be slow and round. The man should stand much closer to the ball than usual. At the finish of the stroke the arms and club should be horizontal and stiff. In the back-swing there should be less turning of the wrists than usual and more stiffness, and at the moment of impact the hand should be slightly turned over—that is to say, the right hand should be disposed to turn palm downwards. Then keep your eye on the ball and hit it truly.



CADDIES OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN VARIETY: A GROUP ON THE LINKS AT WYNBERG.

It is interesting to see from this photograph what the South African caddie is like. The costume of the black variety of caddie is very similar to that of his English brother. The group was taken on the occasion of the amateur and open South African golf championships, played at Wynberg.

Photograph by Keyser.



AN INTERESTING CONTEST ON THE NEW LINKS AT PARK LANGLEY: THE FOUR EX-CHAMPIONS WHO COMPETED.

On the Parklangley course last week, four ex-champions were playing—namely, J. H. Taylor, Harry Vardon, Alex Herd, and Arnaud Massy. There was an eighteen-hole competition in the morning, and a four-ball match in the afternoon. Taylor won the stroke event with 77. Vardon and Herd each took 79, and Massy 82. Reading from left to right, the figures in the photograph are Herd, Vardon, Mr. Peter Lees (not playing), Massy and Taylor.

Photograph by L. N. A.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Aeroplane temp Gulielmi IV.

More should be known by dilettante aviators and amateur flying-men of that quite interesting and well-written work, "The Art of Aviation," by R. W. A. Brewer, who is already the author of an equally good work dealing with automobilism, entitled "The

Motor-Car." Notwithstanding the varied array of formulae, which is anathema to the man of no mathematics and less arithmetic, the book presents much that will interest and instruct the thinking public. The author has struck a line between the highly scientific and the purely descriptive sides of this most interesting subject with considerable success. In this work I read for the first time the particulars of an aeroplane designed, if not made, by a man named Henson as far back as 1835. In many particulars this machine was identical with the aeroplanes of to-day, particularly in con-

held a leading place. In the renaissance of motor-cycling, which dates from some five years back, the Humber motor-bicycle of to-day stands forward in the front rank. The 3½-h.p. single-cylinder, belt-drive, two-speed Humber is one of the best and most carefully considered motor-bicycles on the market. It is both fast and easy riding, while its hill-climbing powers on top speed are remarkable. There is nothing in the shape of hills between London and Portsmouth, or London and Brighton, which would make one think of the low speed. Proof of the excellence and efficiency of this cycle is afforded by the manner in which it has scored of late in public. In the one-hour T. T. contest at Brooklands, the Humber was the only machine to finish out of the half-dozen single-cylinders which started. In the April Quarterly Trial the Humber shared with one other machine the honour of securing the maximum number of marks. Sixty-nine competed. The quartet of Humbers entered for and competing in the London to Edinburgh and Back event secured gold medals, one a special. The terrible Rest-and-be-Thankful Hill, and also Glendoe, have succumbed to Humbers, unheated—the engines, not the hills.



HOLDING UP THE HAND WITH THE FOOT: AN AUTOMATIC SIGNAL-ARM FOR MOTORS, SEEN FROM IN FRONT.

This ingenious device is the invention of a motor-driver at the G.P.O. Stores. The automatic signal-arm is actuated by the application of the brake.

*Photograph by Record Press.*

nection with the design of the ribs; while the arched contour of the planes practically embodied the Phillips entering curve. Hollow wooden bars were used in the frame. Verily there is nothing new, etc. Henson only lacked an engine.

## Rheims Not so Popular.

The Rheims Aviation Meeting, though provocative of much finer flying than was the case last year, has failed to provoke the attendance of twelve months ago. To put it in the vernacular, the French public are becoming a little "fed-up" with aviation, for after one or two good flights have been witnessed, those that come after are much of a muchness. In competition, even if aeroplanes are allowed to compete side by side—which seems unlikely—flying contests will suffer from the same fault or feature that has quenched the public enthusiasm over motor-racing—the lack of visible effort. I fear greatly that the draw of aviation meetings is only parallel with the attraction of tight-rope walking across Niagara, and that the chance of a failure has its effect. Moreover, the frequency with which the weather upsets the best-laid plans is already telling with the public as a whole.

## Humber Motor- Cycle Successes.

In the early days of motor-cycling—which, strangely enough, coincided with, if they did not pre-date, the early days of the motor-car in this country—the Humber motor-bicycle



GIVING MOTOR-DRIVERS A THIRD HAND: THE AUTOMATIC SIGNAL-ARM SEEN FROM BEHIND.

Motor-drivers wishing to slow up or turn corners are by this invention enabled to warn vehicles behind them without taking either hand off the driving-gear. The device is likely to prove of great use in the prevention of collisions.

*Photograph by Record Press.*



A PICTURESQUE SPOT FOR A HILL-CLIMBING TEST: COMPETITORS IN AUTO-CYCLE TRIALS ON BLACK ROCK HILL.

This picturesque hill-climb is on the route adopted for the Land's End to John o' Groats' six days' Auto-cycle Trials last week. The competitor in the foreground is Mr. H. P. Brown, on a 5½ h.p. A.S.L. machine. On the second day, the route led through Cheddar Gorge.—[Photograph by Topical.]

## The Puncture Demon Defied.

Since the early days of the pneumatic tyre, when, in the case of the early Dunlops, a repair, if it could be made at all, meant two hours' hard work by the roadside, the puncture fiend has dominated the cycling and motoring worlds. Of proof devices there have been a multitude, but to-day hardly one is in anything like regular use. The fundamental reason for the failure and disuse of these devices has been the fact that they were the output of impractical people, and it is only when those to the manner born turn their attention to such problems that solutions appear. In the puncture-proof band just being put upon the market by the Peter Union Tyre Company, 190-192, Great Portland Street, W., motorists will welcome a safeguard of a practical nature. The band, which is of pure Para red rubber, is simply laid inside the outer cover, adapts itself to any size, and effectually protects the inner tube from injury. Not only does it increase the resiliency of the tyre itself, but it obviates the heating of the inner tube. The security afforded by it is ample return for its small cost.

*[Continued on a later page.]*

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Eclipse Stakes.** Given fine weather, there should be a record crowd at Sandown to enjoy the Eclipse Meeting. The course looks at its very best just now, and the stands are spick-and-span and calculated to accommodate a large number of visitors. I often think it is a pity that Mr. Hwfa Williams hides the band away behind the royal box, instead of allowing it to play over by the number-board. This is done on the August Bank Holiday only, but I think the crowd should be allowed to enjoy music at all the meetings. This would not deprive members of the privilege, as the Scots Guards Band could easily be heard all over the course if it were placed on the spot I suggest. There is no better place in England to see racing than Sandown, and it is a matter of congratulation that the cheap stand has been modelled on the most perfect lines. What is the consequence? The cheap ring is now filled at all meetings, and everybody is satisfied. The catering, too, leaves nothing to be desired, and I am of opinion that racecourse companies who do their own catering, and do it well, get a lot the best of the bargain. The late Sir Wilfrid Brett once told me that

will not be represented at the meeting, top-hats and frock-coats will not be compulsory; but the Court is still in mourning, and ladies and gentlemen will have to appear in black or mourning colours. For those who journey from London by train, the walk up from Singleton Station will be found a very pleasant one if it is fine, but in a big thunderstorm it is rather disconcerting. Those who decide to ride up from Chichester Station need not fear the weather, as the brakes and char-a-bancs are protected by strong covers. I always think, in choosing a conveyance, it is best to select one that has been used to hills, and those which at ordinary times are driven to and from the Devil's Dyke, at Brighton, are certain to have safe brakes.

## Handicaps.

We have of late seen huge fields of half-fit horses, and in many races, even when a score or more have started, only the first and second have been backed. It was a terrible mistake when the Jockey Club, in all good faith, decided that all horses should run three times before being entered for a handicap. Owners, to make themselves secure, run their horses when only half fit, with the result that the public are deprived of seeing the best class of sport. Further, the new rule is not likely to prevent handicaps from being won by outsiders or by horses that on paper appear to have 14 lb. in hand. I maintain that handicappers should be left to work out their own salvation, and they should be advised not to take a risk in the case of horses hailing from stables known to be dangerous. There are certain owners who do not object to adopting a waiting policy. To bring off a big coup they will save a horse for at least a year. The public, apparently, spot these gentlemen when the handicappers fail to do so, with the result that we sometimes find big handicaps easily won by hot favourites whose book form is not encouraging, to say the least of it. On the other hand, we often see



IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SILVER-RING AT GOODWOOD: THE STAND AND PART OF THE NEW TERRACED SLOPES.

A complete change has been made in the arrangement of the silver-ring. Half-a-crown is still the price of admission, but it now entitles a person either to a seat on the stand, which accommodates one thousand people, or to a place on the slope below the clump of beeches. This slope was formerly too steep to stand on with comfort, but it has now been laid out in terraces, and will provide room and a good view for quite eight thousand people.

the Sandown management made a lot of money out of their half-crown luncheons, as people did not hesitate to pay a pound admission to Tattersall's Ring for the sake of getting a good and cheap feed. The racing both on Friday and Saturday will be interesting in the extreme, and we ought to see a great fight for the Eclipse Stakes—one of the few ten-thousand-pounders that have retained their popularity. The one and only drawback to an otherwise perfect meeting will be the absence of royalty.

## Goodwood.

I ran down to Goodwood the other day to have a look at the improvements. The Duke of Richmond is to be congratulated on catering for the cheap racegoers so perfectly. The new stands will—it goes without saying—draw the very people that are wanted to make the meeting an all-round success. The course is looking beautiful. It is well covered with herbage, and has been very much improved. I am told that stabling has already been taken in the neighbourhood for a large number of horses, so that runners will be plentiful. The roads to the course are to be specially dealt with for the benefit of motorists, and the roads from the stations to the Park are to be watered every day. The entry for the Stewards' Cup is sufficiently large to provide a good field, and the winner may take some finding. I have heard that Trepida is very likely to run well in this race. As royalty



IMPROVED ACCOMMODATION FOR RACEGOERS OF MODERATE MEANS AT GOODWOOD: THE CARRIAGE ENCLOSURE RESERVED FOR TICKET-HOLDERS.

Great improvements have been effected at Goodwood in the accommodation provided for racegoers of moderate means who do not wish to mix with the rougher element. In the enclosure to the east of the stand carriages are to be arranged as formerly, but every occupant of a vehicle must hold a grand-stand enclosure ticket, which costs £1 on Cup Day, and on other days 15s. This will keep out the baser sort. The charge for a motor or carriage is £1 a day (driver included), as usual. A wide enclosure is thus kept for vehicles between the rails and the space for the half-crown ticket-holders.—[Photographs by Topical Agency.]

horses running down the course that are unbacked, and I claim that these performances should not count at all with the handicapper. Further, certain horses perform well on certain courses only, and the fact should be taken into account by those responsible for the adjusting of the weights. The public are very fond of good handicaps. They speculate on them, and everything that can be done should be done to make handicaps a big all-round success.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Woman on Herself.

It would seem as if, in the eternal Woman Question, the ladies' team of writers and speakers are going to do all the scoring, and Mrs. St. Clair Stobart's article on "The Eternal Womanly," in the current *Fortnightly*, adds enormously to the total runs. For, strangely enough, all the wit, humour, and good-nature in this controversy are exhibited on the spindle-side; while Man, sheepish or sullen, can only put forward the most flimsy and jejune arguments in support of the subjection of women. Mrs. Fawcett recently declared that you might as well argue that women are inferior to men as that one side of a pair of scissors is less useful and important than the other. Mrs. Stobart boldly goes one further, and, with a wealth of illustration from birds, beasts, insects, and fishes—not to mention the less civilised sections of humanity—proves that female creatures are quite as strong physically, and just as energetic and necessary to the scheme of things mundane as their male kind. Nor does the dear old argument about man's superior brain-weight hold good as a weapon with which to belabour argumentative women, for has not Mr. Havelock Ellis proved that, in relation to bodily weight, women's brains are at least as large as men's, and are usually larger! Moreover, Mrs. Stobart rightly shows that we have developed a certain foolish and trivial femininity at the expense of real womanliness, and you have only to glance at the Venus of Milo and then at one of our grotesquely attired modern girls to see the difference between a goddess and a doll.

## Black-and-White Ladies.

Everyone is noticing how reluctant women in Society—who, after all, are always the best-dressed of our compatriots—are to leave off their black, although the general mourning is over. Some attribute this to snobishness, arguing that all these sable-clad beauties wish to be thought, by the vulgar, connected with the Court. But the truth seems to be that the Englishwoman has discovered how extraordinarily well she looks, with her slim limbs and fair skin, in the sombre garments of woe. There is no doubt that a lovely girl in pink or blue looks an unsophisticated hoyden compared to a girl in exquisite black, especially if she wears a shady hat which half-conceals her face, and gives her I know not what of a subtle air. Pretty or interesting women in black have a curiously sphinx-like, enigmatic appearance: they at once suggest all that is modern and complex, all

the mental depths of these beautiful beings in sable gauzes. In her modish white room the woman in black has the dignified, reticent air of an engraving, the sombre charm of an etching by a master. It is conceivable that, now she has discovered its mysterious charm, the Englishwoman will make a fetish of wearing black.

## Making Plans.

Many people enjoy their holiday more at the time when they are making plans than in the more fatiguing process of carrying them out. I know persons—usually of the masculine sex—to whom the very sight of "Bradshaw" is inspiring, much as a proposition in Euclid is inspiring. Nay, more, for persons of lively imagination are enabled, in those cryptic and closely printed columns, to sniff the air of the Alps, to gaze at the blueness of Lac Bourget, to see the Hradschin towering over Prague. The very words "Orient Express" conjure up for them vivid pictures of the Immemorial East, while lists of ships sailing evoke for them the sombre fjords of Norway, the sunny Balearic Islands, the cobalt seas of the Brittany coast. There are persons so constituted who will sit down and pass entire evenings with maps of Europe, foreign time-tables, and a pencil, making out elaborate tours which it is highly problematical they will ever carry out. Very often these optimistic travellers will plan to traverse Europe, and end by taking a fortnight at Westgate. Nevertheless, the pleasures of imagination have been theirs, and they have enjoyed some of the emotions and none of the inconveniences of covering a Continent in the dog-days.

## The True Spirit of Art.

Nothing more delicate or more charming can be conceived than Yoshio Markino's criticisms of ancient Japanese art at the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition. Like the Italian Primitives, these old Japanese were intensely subjective, and when they depicted a bird or beast they actually imagined they were themselves that bird or beast, which accounts for the extraordinary reality and fervour—I was going to say emotion—with which they presented them. What did it matter about background, perspective, accessories, when you had managed to depict the very soul of a chrysanthemum, a pelican which lived and mused, or a tiger so realistic as to frighten the beholder? They saturated themselves with Nature in all her moods, and then, at the moment of inspiration, hastened to fix on paper or board the sum of their observation. This is the real spirit of art, and it has made their work immortal.



[Copyright.]

WINTER WEAR FOR JULY: A SEALSKIN COAT AT PETER ROBINSON'S, 252-264, REGENT STREET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

SUITABLE FOR A BRITISH SUMMER: A THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH TWEED COAT, WITH BLACK-SATIN REVERS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

that is elusive and mysterious, especially to the masculine imagination. The man-in-the-street can understand a woman in blue serge or green chiffon; it takes a poet or a diplomatist to plumb

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### A Way Out of the Hobble.

Wouldn't it be a good thing to divide skirts, and at least secure freedom of movement for two limbs, instead of persistently treating them as one? It is twenty years since Lady Harberton warmly advocated divided skirts, and was exposed to much ridicule in consequence. Since then woman, despite her disabilities, has made great strides. I can see no hope of beauty in divided skirts, and, disliking half-measures, would prefer neat knee-breeches and pretty stockings and shoes for street wear. The present craze for a pull-in below the knees is grotesque and crippling. There is no more grace in it than in trousers, in which there would be much more comfort. Modistes have so little judgment, too. Miss Neilson Terry wears such a pretty white-and-silver gown in the first act of "Priscilla Runs Away." All its grace and beauty are spoilt by this bind below the knees. She has a most charming figure, on the Venus of Milo rather than on the modes-of-the-moment lines, yet is swaddled as if she were of the fashionable pair-of-pipe-stems-in-a-tube type.

### A Sale That Matters.

There are sales and sales; one not to be disregarded, because it has to do with keeping or making the female form divine, is that of the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street. Every corset is made in Paris, and every woman knows that Paris is the place for corsets, and that "La Samothrace" is the brand. When, therefore, there is a sale of these excellent corsets, the opportunity is not to be lost. Fawn, black, or white coutille, usually sold at 25s., are now 22s. 6d.; and La Nouvelle Souplesse, which is a beautifully cut, deep elastic waistband for tea-gowns, is reduced from 30s. 6d. to 27s. 6d. The firm's famous Tricot corsets are included in the sale at 67s. 6d.; their usual price is 73s. 6d. In addition, there are extraordinary bargains in cotton dresses, blouses, and petticoats.

A sale that is of widespread interest is that at Waring's palatial premises in Oxford Street. It includes the great stock in their numerous departments. Accumulations of linen are being sold at about half-price. Special reductions have been made in furniture and in pianos, and in fancy Turkey carpets great reductions have been made. There are quantities of bargains to be secured. The sale-catalogue is a reliable guide to them, and can be had on application to the firm.

There is nothing half so nice in life as white—pure, dainty white. Just now a particularly attractive sale is in progress at the White House, New Bond Street. It is an exclusive place, where connoisseurs go for the latest and most lovely things in table and bed linen and handkerchiefs, and where smart women go for blouses, linen coats and skirts, and lingerie dresses. There are bed-spreads which were £20, things of beauty, hand-embroidered and lace-inserted, now at £7 10s. As to the coloured blouses, shirts and linen coats and skirts, the reductions in these are so great that there is little doubt they will soon be acquired, even though the stock is an immense one.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a long sealskin coat, the original of which is at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street. Many wise women buy their furs now, when they are offered at favourable prices by such a firm as the above, who anticipate fashion. On the same page is a drawing of a three-quarter-length coat of tweed, with revers of black satin, having on it small spots—a really comfortable garment for our British variety of summer.

### The Summer and the Seaside and the Sales.

Those of us who are going away for the holidays have now a wonderful opportunity for supplying themselves with suitable dress, for Robinson and Cleaver, that Irish firm which has established for itself a world-wide reputation and has a magnificent block of buildings, 156-170, Regent Street, is now holding a summer sale. There are real bargains in every department; what, however, will most appeal to the great army of girl holiday-makers are those in travelling coats and wraps and summer frocks. One of the latter is worth quoting as an example of what can be obtained. It is in all shades of washing zephyr, has a kimono bodice and sheath skirt, with a deep band at the knees. The

bodice and skirt are trimmed with buttons, and there are pleated-muslin Peter Pan collar and cuffs. The price is 18s. 6d., and the name of the dress is the "Macintyre." There are frocks for the house, for boating, golfing, dinner, afternoon, tennis, and cycling—in fact, gowns for all occasions, and the prices are delightfully low.

## ON HOLIDAY AT "LOVELY LUCERNE."

(See Illustrations on Page 23.)

LUCERNE, situated in the heart of Switzerland, stands, as it were, enshrined amid the grandest and most picturesque features of Alpine scenery, and is, of course, the tourist centre *par excellence* of the "Playground of Europe," three main lines of railway converging on the famous town beside the lake. Nor could Nature, indeed, have well done more for "Lovely Lucerne," as all the world acclaims it. On one side stands the Rigi, on the other Pilatus (7000 feet high), with between them the fair, shimmering expanse of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and beyond it, again, a widespread panorama of the glaciers and snow-peaked ranges of the Alps. From the Rigi (6000 feet), easily climbed by aid of its famous "mountain train," the view takes in the Bernina, Gothard, Unterwalden and Bernese Alps, stretching far and wide, from the Sentis in the east to the Blumlisalp in the west, and to northward, the Jura Mountains, the Black Forest, and the Vosges barrier between Frank and Teuton. From the Rigi some fourteen lakes are visible on a clear day, among them Sempach, by the shores of which was fought the famous battle where the Swiss won their freedom.

As an alternative to the ascent of the Rigi, and by those who want to be on the Alps betimes, an excursion may be made to the Stansershorn, which is quickly and easily reached by mountain train. The ascent of Pilatus may also be made by mountain railway. The views on this trip differ in character from those obtained from the Rigi, and are also of the grandest description. The railway was opened in 1889, and it is worth recording that not a single accident has yet occurred on it. The terminus at the top is at the foot of the Esel peak. Thence a staircase cut in the rock and a mountain path lead to the summit. The view from this point is one of the finest in the world.

For English visitors there is no pleasanter and more profitable method of seeing Lucerne and its wonderful surroundings than by joining one of the excursion tours organised by the Regent Street Polytechnic, arranged to give the maximum of pleasure at the minimum of cost and trouble.

They enable the tourist to stay for longer or shorter periods as may be convenient, going via Paris, or by various other routes. From the Polytechnic Chalets of Seeburg, near the water's edge, lake steamers convey one amid the most delightful scenery to various points of interest. Some go to Alpnach for the 7000-foot climb by train to Pilatus, disclosing views of the wildest grandeur; others to Andermatt, on the Great St. Gothard, traversing the whole length of the lake. Visitors taking this latter trip are enabled to see on the shores the Old House at Treib, Tell's Chapel, Schiller's Stone, and Axenstrasse, proceeding via Göschenen, through the Schollenen Gorge, and over the famous Devil's Bridge to the quaint old village of Andermatt.

In Lucerne itself, lastly, with its famous "Peace and War" Museum, its old bridges and mediæval town, its cathedral, the Glacier Garden, and the pathetic Lion Monument recalling the tragedy of the famous Swiss Guards of Royal France, there is enough to be seen to satisfy the most exacting sightseer.

The scene at the Royal Botanic Society's Gardens last week, on the occasion of the annual "Artist's Ball," was, as it were, a materialised Midsummer Night's Dream. From before ten o'clock p.m., until, in fact, after the small hours of next morning had begun to fade away and pass into the broad daylight of 4 a.m., the fun and gaiety and music were kept up. Bewildering was the galaxy of costumes and bright colours that glinted and glittered as the revellers intermixed: displaying "prehistoric peeps" in life-form, an Ariel and a Cinderella, a Greek Vase, the Pompadour in her resplendent pride, more than one Romeo and Juliet, a Jack o' Lantern, too—indeed a microcosm of mankind and more beautiful womankind, offering every type from Falstaff to Zephyr. They all took their pleasure, now strolling along laughing and chatting, amid trees hung with many-hued lamps; now dancing to the strains of haunting music, or sitting out to whisper things strictly between themselves under the rustling, swaying palms of the great conservatory; and so passed a night of fairyland glimpses—with the weather, for once this rainy July, on its best behaviour.



TO ENCOURAGE SHOOTING IN THE YEOMANRY: THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL OF THE YEOMANRY RIFLE ASSOCIATION, COMPETED FOR ANNUALLY AT BISLEY.

The championship of the Yeomanry Rifle Association is shot for at Bisley. A gold medal is given to the winner, and silver and bronze medals as second and third prizes respectively. A bronze medal is given annually for individual competition in each regimental district, also to each member of the team making the best score in inter-squadron competitions. The medals were designed and struck by Messrs. Wilson and Gill, 139 and 141, Regent Street, W.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 26.*

## YANKEES.

UNTIL the big bankers have definitely settled who shall buy the Harriman shares and fixed the price, we shall see no peace in the Yankee Market. When Harriman died, everybody knew that a battle was imminent. But to-day we are in the thick of the fight. Four months ago, Jacob Schiff declared that it was not the time to be a bull of stocks. He knew, and, like all really great men, he did not lie. The big banks, who make prices what they like, are not displeased to see the fall helped by an agitation against the power of the railways. It suits their book that attention should be directed away from the main point of issue, "Who shall buy the Harriman control?" to a merely secondary question, "Who shall control the railways—the State or the banks?" They know that, in the long run, money must tell. They know that the United States is at the mercy of the railways, and that the railways cannot move without funds. No one should buy until peace is declared. Then such stocks as New York Centrals, Pennsylvanias, Illinois Centrals, Unions, Atchisons, and Southern Pacifics will be worth buying. They will all go back to the old prices. Not, perhaps, immediately, but as soon as the bankers think the time ripe for another boom. The Yankee Market is not one in which to speculate, but it is worth the attention of an investor. Anyone who buys the best to-day may see a further small fall, but he will get a good return on his money and the certainty of a large increase in capital value sooner or later.

## RUBBER.

The cash system adopted in the Rubber Market has justified itself. To-day, when all markets are dull, when no one is speculating and all are nervous, the Rubber Market is as strong as steel. There is little business, but there is no selling. Any shares that are offered are taken at once, and paid for. The investor in Rubber shares has seen a vigorous effort made by the dealers to depress the price of rubber, he has seen that effort completely fail, and he now finds that the Americans are buying all the rubber they can for delivery in October and November. The Straits Bertain declares that it has sold two tons a month for delivery during the whole of 1911 at 11s. per lb. This is not one of the best of the Malay Companies, and the contract is so astounding that many people are unable to believe in its existence. But the statement is official, and therefore throws a strange light upon the future.

If all the first-class producing Companies could make similar contracts we should see some remarkable dividends declared in 1912. Buyers of Rubber shares have this definite fact to go upon. Rubber has been in urgent demand for over six months, at an average price of 10s. per lb. All the leading Companies have increased their outputs. The seventeen Companies whose accounts have been published during the past few weeks show 1,236,100 lb., as against 691,400 in the corresponding period last year. This rubber they have sold at an average price of 7s. 2d. The fifteen Companies whose average price was 7s. 2d. made £334,900 net profit. If the price of rubber holds, there seems nothing to stop another Rubber boom. After all, dividends must tell.

The reverse side is not fashionable to-day; but it exists, and may be summed up shortly. The Americans are gambling in rubber; they may not be able to finance. The increase in supplies from the Amazon, coupled with a doubling of the output from the Mid East, may cause supply to overtake demand. Disease, which sooner or later attacks all things planted out of their natural habitat, may seriously injure the plantations. Labour difficulties may prevent the plantations from producing as much as the shareholders have been led to expect. Of these the real danger lies in the collapse of the American demand; the other perils are probably remote, and need not be taken into account, for some time at any rate.

## OIL.

Oil is as much talked about as Rubber, and, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is more likely to boom. Mr. Lloyd George is not well posted. There is no boom in Oil; there never was. Certain promoters have worked up a fictitious excitement in Oil shares, and they have been helped by the great rise in Shells. That rise is now over, and those inside are probably getting out. Californias, if they continue their contract with Standard Oil, will be worth holding, but if the Board decide to sell refined oil, it will get as severely punished as was Sir Weetman Pearson's Mexican Oil venture. Russian Oil has been steadily falling in price all the year, and the drop is now having a serious effect on profits. Spies attempts to meet the reduced price by an increased output, and the Company has been helped by a spouter; but the price of Spies to-day is quite high enough.

The Maikop field may be disregarded. Many of the Companies are just promoters' gambles. Those that are intended for serious work must wait till the oilfield has pipe-lines, railways, storage-tanks, and all the necessary appurtenances of an oilfield. To-day Maikop has one spouter to its credit, and half-a-dozen wells that might produce if desired. It is little better than a revived prospect.

Maikop is no new proposition; it is almost as old as Baku—and likely to prove as great a disappointment to the English investor as that famous field.

## KAFFIRS.

The Rand magnates do not intend to make any move in this market, and until they do the public will hold aloof. No one will speculate without a lead. The mines are good, the labour is now well organised, and working costs are coming down. Those who hold the best mines on the central section of the Rand may sleep content. For no boom will come to wake them. When Paris begins to buy in earnest, then we may rouse ourselves, for it is the French that now hold the bulk of the Kaffir shares—not the English.

## RHODESIANS.

When the Rhodesian magnates held their famous meeting at the offices of the Chartered Company, we all hoped that they meant to give the market a strong support. But ever since that eventful afternoon prices have dwindled away, and to-day the Rhodesian market is almost as dead as that in Kaffirs. The public realises that all the big houses have hundreds of thousands of shares they want to sell, and it declines to buy. The bull account seems to have disappeared, but with it has gone Latilla, who certainly put heart into things Rhodesian. Abe Bailey is not inclined to take up the position vacated by his lieutenant, and neither Weil nor Edmund Davis is bullishly inclined. Some shares, such as Mayos, look cheap. But Globes are worth selling, and need not be bought until those who know give the signal. They are overpriced to-day.

## THE ARGENTINE RAILWAY OUTLOOK.

Candidly, it is a little cloudy, though brighter than six months ago. It is all to the good that traffics should be looking up. Cables, too, and letters from the country point to the prospect of a better harvest than seemed probable when the season was younger. In the market there is a disposition to view the outlook with a kind of chastened optimism. Until the next reports of the Central Argentine and the Buenos Ayres Pacific Companies appear, in October, it is improbable that we shall see activity of any pronounced order, unless, of course, the traffics show unexpected developments. Prices have not fallen as low as we supposed they would, and the time for recovery has arrived with more celerity than was predicted here. This is a matter of gratification for proprietors, and we hope to see the movement still further hastened. But holders must not mind if they are called upon to wait some months yet before they see their market looking up, as the House calls it.

## ACCUMULATIVE DIVIDENDS.

Were the conveniences of the accumulative-dividend system more widely known, they would, we feel sure, be appreciated even more than is the case now. To the small investor the advantages are great, and that it is the small investor for whom the arrangement caters can be judged from the fact that the accumulation ceases when the amount of stock reaches £1000. You buy £100 India 3½ per Cents. for a baby and inscribe the stock in the joint names of itself and the parent. By signature of a form, the 17s. 6d. dividend is used in the purchase of more of the same stock, and as the interest is compound, the total will have reached useful figures by the time the child comes of age. Solicitors charged with the administration of estates that yield small sums can buy accumulative Consols, India stocks, Irish Local Loans, or Transvaal Threes, and have no bother with the reinvestment of the dividends as they become payable. The soldier or sailor going abroad for a time, the peregrinating engineer, the charitable funds—these and a hundred others will find the system most useful for the deposit of their capital.

## THE DOG DAYS.

Stock Exchange business is expected by everybody, except Stock Exchange members, to fall to a very low ebb in July and August, and it is scarcely to be supposed that the present year will be different from the ordinary run of others. The House, however, basking in the anticipation of really cheap money, holds many men who profess to foresee buoyancy and animation during the coming dog days (wet or otherwise). Buoyancy there may easily be, but animation is not so certain. One shrewd broker of long standing avowed that markets will derive no benefit worth mentioning at present, even if money does become cheap, because the public are doing nothing. On the other hand, a low Bank Rate would bring out a flood of new gilt-edged issues, undesirable and unwanted. And so, as the children say, "there you are!"

## SOME RUBBER AND TEA RESULTS.

The reports of the *Bukit Rajah*, *Federated Selangor*, and *Vallambrosa* Rubber Companies have now been published, and confirm the anticipations made some months ago in these columns that these three Companies' results would be more satisfactory than those of any of the other big producing Companies. At that time rubber was selling at 12s. a lb., and I forecasted final dividends of 24s., 16s., and 4s. respectively per share; owing to the fall in the selling price of rubber which has since occurred, these anticipations have not been quite fulfilled, and the actual final dividends announced are 18s., 13s., and 3s. 8d. per share. These figures should be enough to satisfy the most exacting shareholder, and fully justify the present price of the shares. The average price obtained by the *Bukit Rajah* Company for its rubber last year was over 8s. 6d. per lb., and all

the indications point to this price being exceeded for the current twelve months. The official estimate of the crop for this year is 360,000 lb., and, assuming this not to be exceeded, and to be sold at last year's prices, the profit for this year will be over 200 per cent. It will be noticed that out of 290,000 trees on the 2504 acres planted with rubber, only 125,000 were tapped last year. As regards the price of rubber itself, the fall appears to have been arrested, although a further decline in price would probably be to the real advantage of both producer and manufacturer, and there is now a much more confident tone in the market than there was a few weeks ago.

In my last week's note on the Anglo-Ceylon and General Estates Company I pointed out that no information was given in the annual report as to the disposal of the profit of over £50,000, made by the sale of a small portion of the Company's holding of Bukit Rajah shares. At the meeting on Thursday last it was announced that this sum would be used to open up a large Tea property in Java. The Directors could not possibly have made a better use of this money, and the Company's already strong position will be further strengthened thereby. Java, owing to its wonderful soil and climate and abundant labour supply, is rapidly coming to the front as a tea-producer, and the Anglo-Ceylon Company is likely to reap another rich reward by entering this new field.

July 9, 1910.

### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

P. W. (Reading).—We think the Rubber a good Company, and on results, likely to rise again; but it will take time. At any rate, it is a sound concern.

JUNGLE.—As mining speculations you might buy any of the things you mention. We like No. 2 the least, and the Mining Markets are in such a rotten state that we expect little improvement till after the holidays.

RIVES (Siam).—The shares you name yield a high rate because of the uncalled liability. The public here dislike uncalled liability and the risks attached thereto, and have just had an object-lesson in the smash of the Law Guarantee Society. We believe all the concerns mentioned by you are sound.

RUBBER INVESTOR.—Your letter was answered last week under initials W. A. G. PAT.—All fair concerns.

CENTENARY.—Both shares are fair speculations; but you must not forget that you are riding on the tail of the horse if anything goes wrong.

J. S. (Luton).—The profit is, of course, 100 per cent. If he had sold at 30s. the profit would have been 50 per cent.

M.A.P.—The iron and coal trade is improving, and we advise you to hold No. 1. As to the Catering Preference shares, we don't like them, or the Company, and competition seems to grow stronger every year.

HAMPDEN CLONCURRY.—Very much depends on the price of the metal, the prospects of which are not very promising at present.

MOONSTONE.—The Collieries Debentures are 92-4. It is possible to deal, and the bonds are well thought of.

PROPRIETARY.—The Light and Power price is 92-3, the Railway 4½ Debentures 84-5, and the Tram Debentures 99-100. There is a good market in the first, and it is fairly easy to deal in the other two. We think well of all three.

D. W. W.—Wahai.

H. E.—(1 and 2) We are not going to prophesy. The Company is a sound one, and as an investment should pay well at present price. See our Notes. (3) We do not like this concern.

H. R.—We have a poor opinion of this Company, and think you will have to wait. The capital is small, and the promoters can do what they like with the price of shares.

OASIS.—Is it not Taquah Central you mean? We would rather not advise.

EVAN.—We will next week publish a little Trust which should do for your money.

THE MUNICIPALITY OF PARA IMPROVEMENTS, LTD.—Messrs. Dunn, Fischer, and Co. are offering £150,000 of 6 per Cent. Debentures at 92½. The bonds form part of an authorised Debenture issue of £750,000, and the capital and interest are secured by a special tax of 6 per cent. on the annual valuation of all buildings within a certain area, guaranteed to produce not less than £57,760 per annum. The tax will be collected by the Government of the State of Para and paid direct to the Company.

### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket I like these: July Handicap, Solferino; Sale Stakes, Wise Gift; Zetland Plate, Decision; Summer Handicap, Great Peter; Midsummer Stakes, Suncloud; Chesterfield Stakes, Sarena; Bury Handicap, Boudoir. At Sandown Lemberg may win the Eclipse Stakes, Maya the Victoria Welter, Sea Trip the Warren Handicap, Cellini the National Breeders' Stakes, Ninian the Coombe July Plate, Hayden the Royal Handicap, and Ariette the July Selling Plate.



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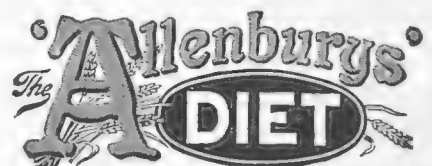
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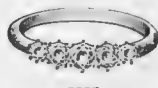
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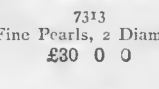
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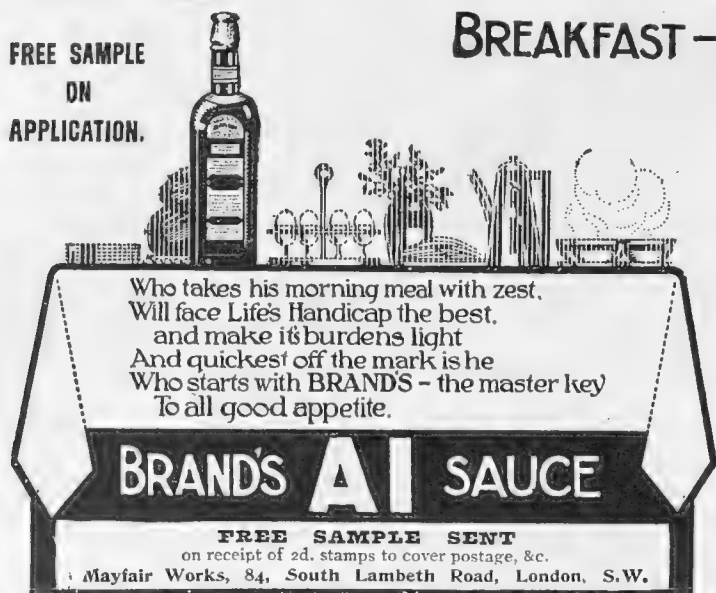
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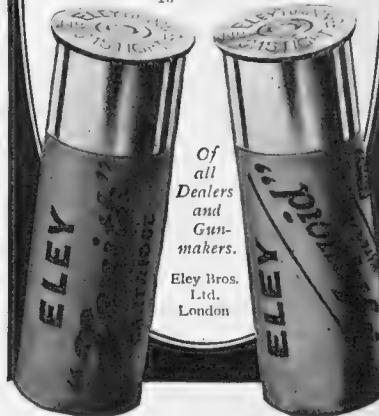
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MADE BY ENGLISHMEN  
IN OUR OWN SHOPS.

A very useful coat is illustrated, cut very full with pleat at back, and may be had either single or double breasted.

PRICE:

In Crash Linen .. .. 30/-  
In Tussore Silk .. .. 84/-

**DUNHILL'S**

2 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W  
359, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

88, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

72, ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.



"Altogether beyond anything I have previously experienced or expected," says Edward Manville, Esq., in speaking of the durability of

# PIRELLI TYRES

**The most durable tyres made.**

Test them for yourself. Used and proved in the most famous long-distance tours in the history of motoring.

**PIRELLI Ltd.,** 45, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.



ISSUED AT LLOYD'S  
**NEW POLICIES  
FOR 1910**

Full Prospectus from

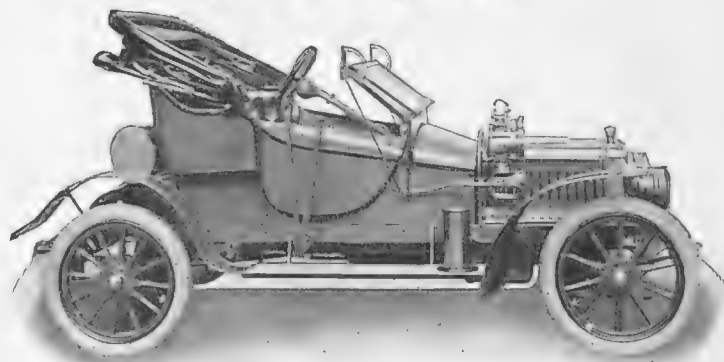
LLOYD'S BROKERS

or

**"THE RED CROSS"  
Indemnity Association**

1, Cornhill, London, E.C., and  
13a, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

## The Adler.



**Be guided**

by the experience of others and join the vast army of motorists who have expressed their admiration for and satisfaction with the Adler. The Car beyond compare for endurance, silence, and smoothness in running, simplicity of construction, ease of operation, low cost of up-keep, and speed on hills.

Fitted with the celebrated "Morgan" Coachwork, the Adler makes the Perfect car for Town and Country. A striking example of this coachwork is shown above—a special design two-seat body on short wheelbase, New Model 12-h.p. Adler Chassis.

**MORGAN & Co., Ltd.,**

*Motor Body Specialists*

Makers of the "Simplex Patent Extension" Self-Acting Cape Cart Hood.

Sole Makers of the Improved "Cromwell" Patent Folding Wind-Screen.

*Carriage Builders,*

**127, LONG ACRE, W.C., and  
10, OLD BOND STREET, W.**

Sole Agents for the ADLER CARS.



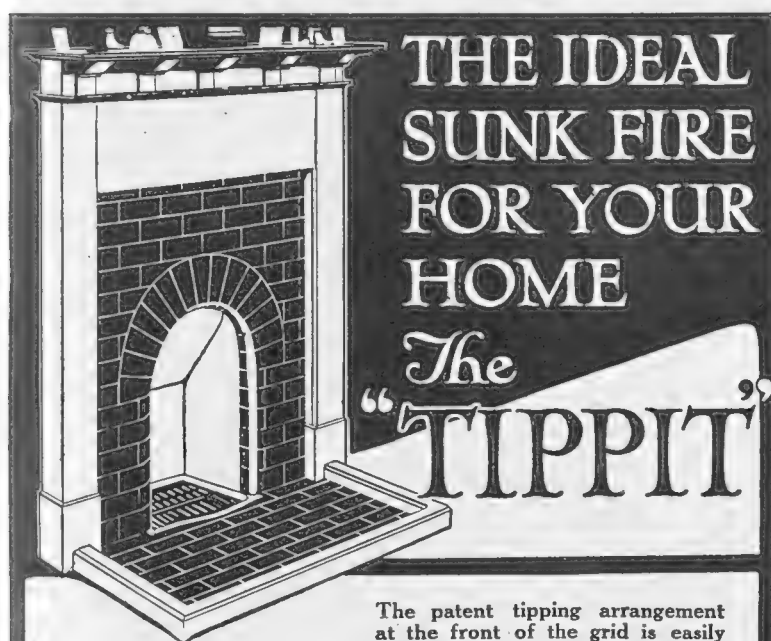
# Stewed Strawberries

are delicious  
served  
with



Only with BIRD'S Custard  
do you really obtain that  
rich creaminess and exquisite flavor  
which make the combination perfect.

**Insist on the Best! Always the Best! The Best is BIRD'S!**



The patent tipping arrangement  
at the front of the grid is easily  
manipulated by an ordinary poker,  
and can be detached by merely  
lifting away.

**IT REMAINS IN ANY POSITION AT WILL.**

The Tip permits free access of air under and through the fire  
when sluggish or newly lit.

## "TIP PIT" FIRES

mean perfect combustion; perfect economy; perfect cleanliness.  
All hearth and floor sweepings may be brushed directly into the  
fire; and all ashes may be easily removed whilst the fire is still  
burning. Adaptable to all existing mantels.

Illustrated booklet giving prices and full particulars of construction post free.

**LIFT FIREPLACE CO (Dept. 7.)**  
2 and 3 North Parade, Manchester

THE LITTLE CAMERA FOR BIG PICTURES.

## GOERZ VEST POCKET TENAX.



A Waistcoat-pocket Camera,  
giving with an Automatic  
Enlarger 7 x 5 prints.

**DAYLIGHT LOADING.**

Takes negatives about 1 1/2 in. x 2 1/8 in., so crisp and sharp that  
they will enlarge to any size.

**NO BOTHER, NO TROUBLE  
BUT GOOD PICTURES EVERY TIME.**

BOOKLET No. 98 from—

C. P. GOERZ Optical Works, Ltd., 1 to 6, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.



You can *so* improve  
Your personal appearance

if *only* you will take the trouble and employ the  
proper means. Use Pomeroy Skin Food daily,  
as directed. Pomeroy Skin Food cleanses,  
softens, beautifies, and feeds the Skin. It gives  
tone to the Complexion, charms away wrinkles,  
rounds out the contours, and is, in fact, the  
greatest, surest aid to beauty yet discovered.

## POMEROY SKIN-FOOD.

**TRIAL OFFER**

On receipt of 3d. stamps Mrs.  
Pomeroy, Ltd., will send, post  
free, a small trial jar of  
"SKIN FOOD" and one  
Pomeroy Shampoo Powder.

Price 1/6, 3/6, and 5/- a jar. Obtainable  
from Chemists, Stores, or direct from

**Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd.,**  
29F, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

PROVINCIAL BRANCHES: Liverpool, 27, Lece St.; Birmingham, 75, New St.; Glasgow, 28, Sauchiehall  
St.; Dublin, 67, Grafton St.; Sheffield, 4, Market Place Buildings; 10, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

# Should we use Cosmetics?

WEBSTER gives the meaning of "cosmetic" as "any external application intended to beautify and improve the complexion." If one accepts the dictionary meaning of the word "cosmetics," the answer to the above question must undoubtedly be—YES!

If, however, one applies the description to some of the dubious concoctions palmed upon the public under high-sounding names (and frequently at correspondingly high prices), which, under analysis, have been proved to be injurious to the skin, then the reply must emphatically be—NO!

The term "cosmetic" really comprehends every description of composition invented to preserve or heighten the beauty and lustre of the Complexion, to embellish the Skin, soften it, maintain its freshness and colour, and to prevent or arrest Wrinkles. Some writers have attempted to demonstrate the inefficacy of cosmetics, as well as their dangerous tendency; others have thought fit to proscribe them altogether. Without doubt, many of these compositions are not only useless, but, as has been already indicated, really dangerous. Others are beneficial, and produce none but good effects.

An able and experienced physician has recently said that "cosmetics, in order to possess the properties requisite for improving and beautifying the skin, should contain nothing irritating, and the substances which form their basis should be in a state of great purity, being perfectly antiseptic." The eminent lady skin specialist who invented the famous "CYCLAX" REMEDIES, has, from the first, emphasised the necessity for this ABSOLUTE PURITY, and no "Cyclax" preparation has ever been allowed to leave the laboratory at South Molton Street which has not first been subjected to the most exhaustive tests in order to ensure ABSOLUTE PURITY OF COMPOSITION; while, so far as daintiness, fragrance, and general effectiveness are concerned, nothing less than the top-note in the scale of efficiency can satisfy her.

## As in Preparations — so in Methods.

The presiding genius at the "Cyclax" Company's depot has consistently set her face against all operative measures. The "Cyclax" Company had the courage to issue

### "A TIMELY WARNING"

to the public, strongly endorsing the remarks of Dr. Morgan Dockrell, the well-known Chesterfield Lecturer, who, in his opening address to the men and women students of St. John's Hospital, Leicester Square, recently called attention to the dangers which ladies run in submitting themselves to operations for the cure of facial defects at the hands of so-called "Beauty Doctors," who, in a large number of cases, are ignorant of anatomy and physiology.

The "Cyclax" Company felt that the time had come for them to make A PRONOUNCEMENT, in no uncertain terms, for the benefit of their Patrons and of the public generally. They therefore announced that there were **three things** which the "Cyclax" Company DOES NOT AND WILL NOT DO; namely (1). **Face Skinning** for the removal of Freckles or other superficial face blemishes; (2). **Hypodermic injections** of a paraffin preparation for filling up lines and hollows; (3). **Operations by cutting**, i.e., attempting to remove wrinkles by cutting parts of the skin away, drawing the edges together, and sewing them with a surgical needle. The "Cyclax" Company's Expert explained where the dangers in these methods lay, and that the public has been duly grateful for the exposé of the *modus operandi* of unqualified "Beauty" Surgeons is proved by the numbers of letters which have reached them from all parts of the world thanking them for their public-spirited action. That it was altogether justified has been amply proved by the publication in the "Daily News" of June 30, 1910, of the following particulars from the Paris Correspondent of that paper:—

### "DANGERS OF BEAUTY-CURE."

"Paris, Wednesday Night.

"For several years past beauty doctors have been using hypodermic injections of paraffin for filling up facial holes, levelling unsightly protuberances, and even creating desirable ones. Drs. Thivierge and Weissenbach have now, however, presented to the Society of Dermatology a young woman of 26, whose example should cause the seekers after beauty made-to-order to hesitate. A year ago an operator corrected the shape of the young woman's nose, after which he set to work to beautify her forehead and cheeks. The result is that her face is now completely disfigured. Where the injections were made it shows red swellings or lumps; her nose is puffy, and her eyelids swollen. The general aspect shows Leontiasis—that is, tuberculous elephantiasis of the face. Dr. Paulrier has been consulted by three other victims, whose cases he describes as truly desperate and beyond his aid."

That HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY has been proved up to the hilt in the remarkable progress made by the "CYCLAX" REMEDIES, and that NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS is evidenced by the astonishing increase in the number of "Cyclax" patrons since the beginning of the season.

The "Cyclax" Treatment is successful because it is **Scientific, Intelligent, and Natural**. The "Cyclax" Remedies cleanse and purify the pores of the Skin, excite them to healthy action, and so develop the muscular tissue by nutritive means that flaccidity, depressions, and lines are rendered absolutely impossible. The "Cyclax" Treatment, therefore, makes the contour of the face **Perfect in Form, Firm in Character, and Permanently Beautiful**. It removes pimples, acne, blackheads, blotches, and undue redness of the Skin, restoring the soft, velvety, peach-like bloom WHICH IS THE HALL MARK OF A PERFECT COMPLEXION.

## A New Departure.

THE celebrated Lady Skin Specialist to whom the public owes the discoveries which led to the invention of the "Cyclax" Remedies, and who may now be consulted at the "Cyclax" Depot on each Tuesday and Thursday—provided appointments are made beforehand—has, in response to a widespread desire, arranged for a staff of lady-experts, personally trained by herself, to perform Facial Treatments under her supervision. A Department has also now been established to give advice by letter to those ladies who cannot come to London. These communications are treated in the strictest confidence, and their contents never divulged.

Following is a brief, and necessarily incomplete, List of some of the Marvellous "Cyclax" Remedies for the Skin:—

<p>This unique preparation possesses marvellous properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant will absorb water; it feeds the tissues, and plumps them up; it cleanses the pores of all impurities, and it whitens the skin, while it builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, hollows cease to exist, and unnatural depressions regain their proper form. Price 4/- or 7/6.</p>	<p>This is quite a new and original Lotion, specially designed as a sedative and cooling agent, and it also acts as a perfect protection against the extremes of heat and cold. "Cyclax" Salusta Lotion. It will keep the skin in perfect health, and can be used in the daytime. It is most soothing, and gives the skin a most beautiful surface. Price 4/6 or 8/6.</p>	<p>This Preparation renders the skin most beautifully smooth, it eradicates lines, and closes up open pores. It prevents the muscles and skin from becoming relaxed, and "Cyclax" coming relaxed, and Com-plexion forms a very Milk. important element in the "Cyclax" Treatment, inasmuch as it assists in producing that wonderful whiteness of the skin which can only be attained by its employment. Price 4/- or 7/6.</p>	<p>This is the lotion which supplies the stimulating element in the "Cyclax" Treatment. As its name implies, it braces up the skin and "Cyclax" muscles so Braceline. effectively that, after the use of only one bottle, patients have been known to look years younger than before its use. It keeps the skin in perfect health, stimulates the action, strengthens the tissues, and makes the face beautifully firm and of a youthful appearance. Price 4/- or 7/6.</p>	<p>This Lotion is one of the keystones of the "Cyclax" Treatment. It absolutely removes acne, eczema, roughness, redness, blackheads, and all "Cyclax" acidity of and Special Lotion. It renders every pore free from all impurities, and the skin becomes beautifully transparent and of a most delicate whiteness. It can be confidently asserted that the results obtained by the use of this splendid Lotion are perfectly astounding. Price 5/6 or 10/6.</p>	<p>This rare and beautiful Soap is prepared most carefully. The formula contains ingredients which whiten and soften the skin in a most remarkable manner. Savon "Cyclax" is not a soap in the ordinary sense, as it is really a special Preparation. The lather it makes upon the skin is most beautiful, and it is really as emollient as washing in milk. Price 3/6 per tablet.</p>	<p>This Lotion imparts to the skin a beautiful transparent whiteness. It is a protective agent against all changes of temperature and the effects of "Cyclax" exposure of Trans- all kinds. It forming prevents the Lotion. dust from settling into the pores, and it imparts a perfect surface and appearance, and it also renders the skin soft and firm. Price 3/6 or 6/6.</p>
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Write for the Valuable Book entitled "THE CULTIVATION AND PRESERVATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY," which will be sent Free to Readers of this Paper.

The "Cyclax" Company 58, South Molton St., London, W.





Tecla's Reconstructed Gems

## TECLA PEARLS.

Modern processes and high temperature render possible the production of gems identical in property and composition with the precious stones of Nature.

Tecla's Pearls, Rubies, Emeralds and Sapphires are mounted only with real diamonds in the most artistic and uncommon settings.

LONDON  
30 Old Bond Street.

TECLA

PARIS  
10 Rue de la Paix.

No other Branches or Agents.



Mellin's Food  
is safe for your  
baby from birth

BY varying the quantity of Mellin's Food, water, and fresh cow's milk (as plainly directed on each bottle), the Food is rendered instantly suitable to children of any age or condition.

Mellin's Food neither calls for cooking, nor does it present the slightest difficulty in preparation. Its unprecedented record of success proves it to be the most perfect of all substitutes for mother's milk. Guaranteed free from starch.

### How to prepare Mellin's Food

(to be continued)

Measure out the Food in tea-spoonfuls (as directed), then measure out the water, mixing the two in the jug; next add the milk, also duly measured, taking care that only good, fresh, raw cow's milk is used.

# Mellin's Food

A generous-sized sample of Mellin's Food—and a valuable 66-page Handbook on the Care of Children, sent FREE on request. (Mention this paper.)

MELLIN'S FOOD, LIMITED, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.



INVALUABLE FOR THE COMPLEXION.

## Lait-Larola

IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING  
DURING THE SUMMER  
AFTER  
MOTORING, GOLFING, CYCLING, TENNIS, &c.

Lait "Larola" is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use.

Allaying and soothing all forms of Irritation caused by Sun, Winds, and Hard Water. It not only

### PRESERVES THE SKIN

but beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of "Lait Larola" effectually prevents all Roughness, Redness and Irritation, and gives a resisting power to the skin surface in changeable weather.

Bottles 1/-, 2/6 each, of all Chemists and Stores.

**SPECIAL OFFER** Send us 3d. and we will forward you in the U.K. a box of Samples of "Lait Larola," Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, and our pamphlet on how to improve your complexion.

M. BEETHAM & SON (DEPT. S), CHELTENHAM.

## Hunyadi János

Is the Best  
Natural Aperient Water.  
Bottled in Hungary.  
Used the World Over.  
Drink on arising half a glass for

**CONSTIPATION**

**BESTS' LIGHT TRUNKS  
SAVE EXCESS LUGGAGE.**

Write for List E  
188, SLOANE ST., S.W.,  
and at ALDFORD ST., 'W.



**Ladies Motoring**  
exposed to the hot sun and dust,  
should always have a bottle of

## ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

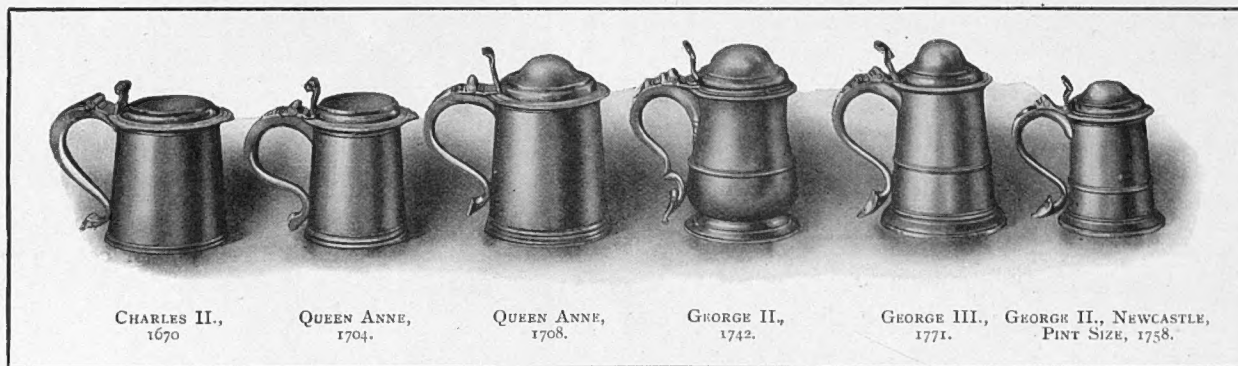
in the car. It cools and refreshes the skin, prevents Sunburn, heals irritation, 2/3 and 4/6. Of Stores, Chemists, and Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

## THE "NUGGET" BOOT POLISHES



AS USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS.

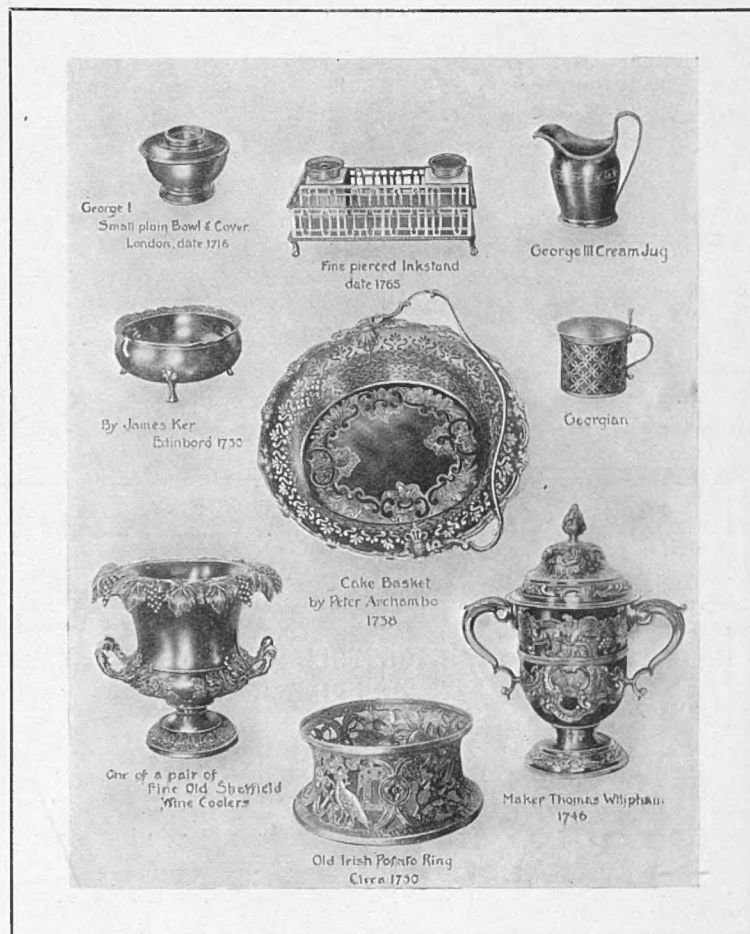
# ANTIQUE SILVER AT MESSRS. ELKINGTON'S GALLERIES, 22, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W. (BELOW PICCADILLY CIRCUS).



GROUP OF TANKARDS FROM CHARLES II. TO GEORGE III.

IT was recently the writer's privilege to inspect the magnificent stock of antique silver at Messrs. Elkington's Regent Street Galleries. For some years Messrs. Elkington have devoted a special department both to purchasing and selling antique silver, and seldom have such excellent specimens been brought together. It is evident that all these specimens have been selected with sound judgment and unerring foresight, and to buy from the house of Elkington is in itself a guarantee of genuineness and authenticity. Illustrated herewith are a few examples: first, a group of tankards, including all types from the reign of Charles II. to that of George III., a selection ranging from the typical "flat top" of the former reign to the "dome-top" of the latter. In the second group are shown with the silver a specimen of "Sheffield Plate," of which Messrs. Elkington have long made a special feature. This is perhaps remarkable, since it was actually this firm who originally exploited the process of "electro-plating," thereby displacing the old method named after the Yorkshire town of its birth. In this group is also shown an excellent cake-basket of George the Second's reign, bearing the London hall-mark of the year 1738. Baskets of this period are, perhaps, the most coveted: seldom less than fifty ounces in weight, they exhibit a solidity essentially English, while in point of design they leave nothing to be desired.

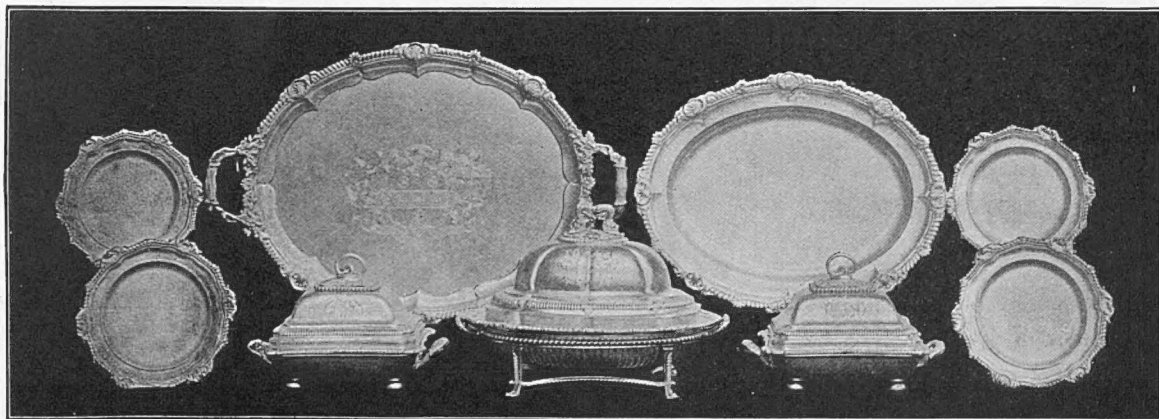
In this same group appears a typical small Scottish bowl on three feet, bearing the Edinburgh hall-mark of 1730; also an interesting and typical piece of Irish plate, a so-called "potato-



ANOTHER GROUP, INCLUDING A SCOTTISH AND AN IRISH SPECIMEN.

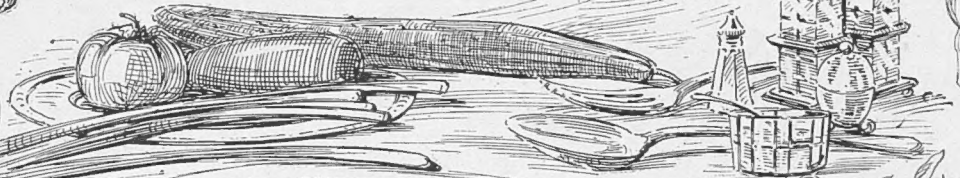
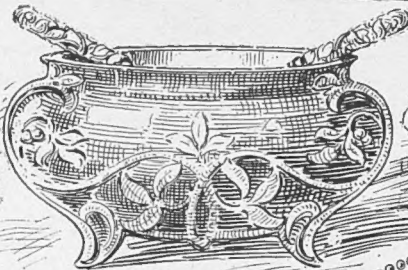
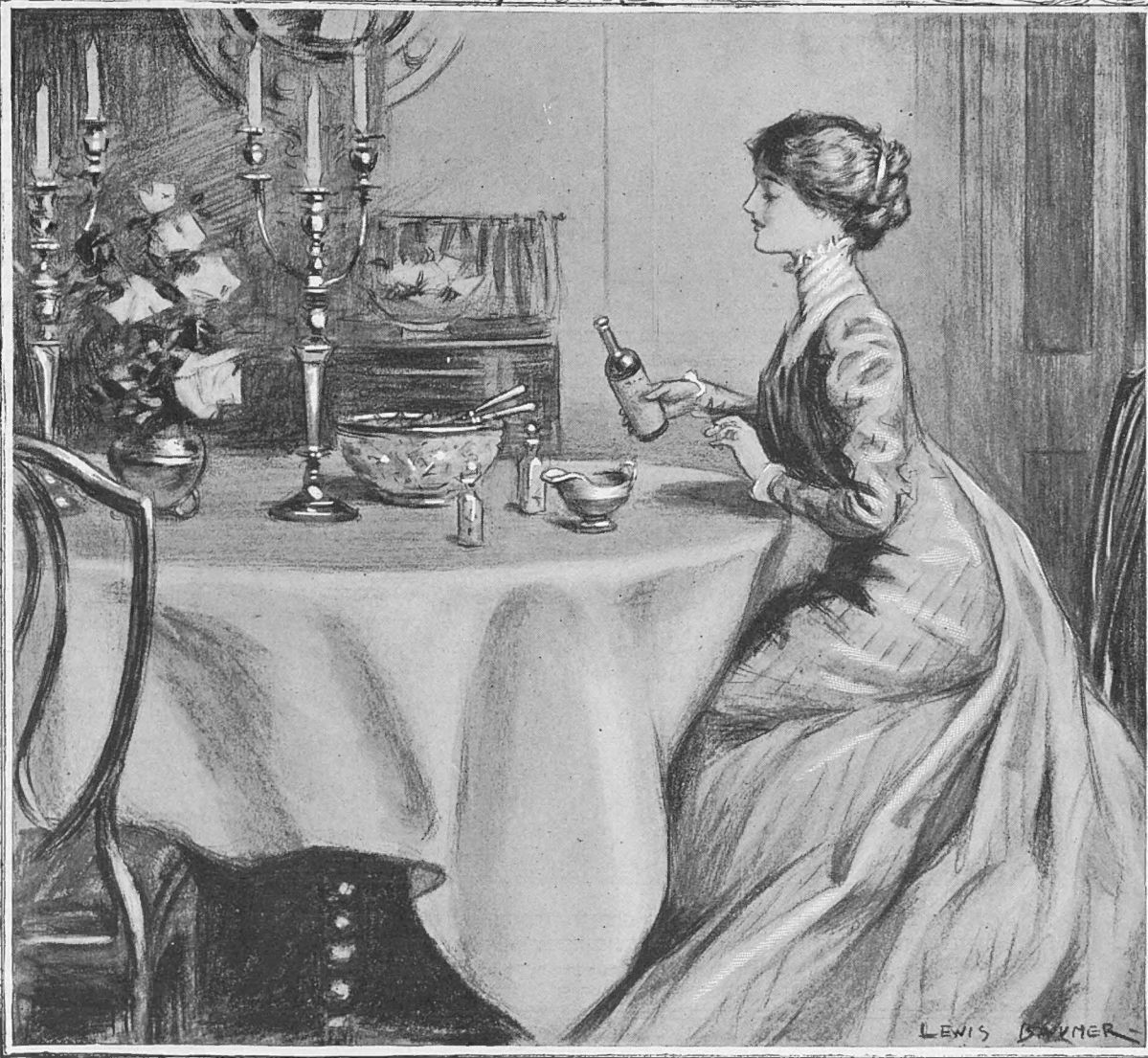
ring," with the old Dublin mark of the year 1750. Below these is to be seen a wonderful group of a complete dinner-service made by Paul Storr, the celebrated silversmith of the early nineteenth century. Such a service is here purchasable at a less cost than would be charged for a new one.

A visit to Messrs. Elkington's Galleries, 22, Regent Street, S.W. (below Piccadilly Circus), will undoubtedly well repay those interested in the work of the early silversmiths.



A COMPLETE DINNER SERVICE BY THE FAMOUS SILVERSMITH, PAUL STORR.





*With*  
**SALAD-DRESSING**  
*always add some-*  
**LEA & PERRINS'**  
**SAUCE.**

*The Original & genuine Worcestershire*

BY ROYAL WARRANT



TO H.M. THE KING





## THE NEW SHORT ROUTE TO BIRMINGHAM.

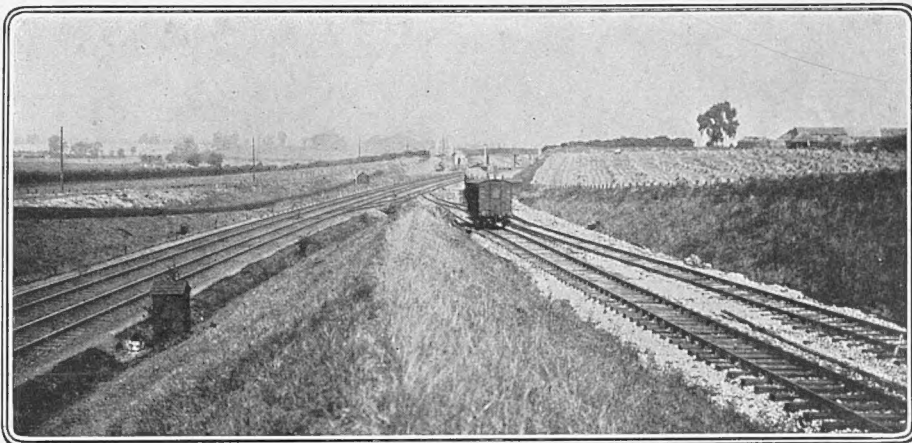
**N**UMEROUS "linkings-up" and expansions have been accomplished from time to time by the Great Western Railway, but probably none are more important than the completion of the new route to Birmingham, opened for passenger traffic on July 1.

These expansions are due to the enterprise and foresight of Mr. James C. Inglis, the well-known General Manager and Consulting Engineer of the Great Western Railway.

The new route just opened, which incidentally will be the shortest route by railway between London and Birmingham, Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury, has been effected by building an entirely new piece of line through country previously untouched by the "iron road," and between the practically unknown villages of Ashendon and Aynho. The year 1906 saw the opening of what has now become the first portion (from London) of the new route, by the inauguration of the line through Beaconsfield, High Wycombe, and Prince's Risborough. If a railway map is examined, it will be seen that by taking a leap across country from a point a few miles north of the latter place, at Ashendon, to a point near Banbury (Aynho), it has been possible to rejoin the Great Western Railway line from Oxford, and avoid the journey round Reading, Didcot, and the University City. Thus, by building a new piece



THE DEVISER OF THE NEW  
SHORT ROUTE TO BIRMINGHAM:  
MR. JAMES C. INGLIS, GENERAL  
MANAGER AND CONSULTING  
ENGINEER TO THE G.W.R.

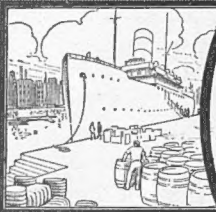


ONE END OF THE NEW SECTION OF THE GREAT WESTERN THAT SAVES TWENTY  
MINUTES BETWEEN LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM: AYNHO JUNCTION.

The new piece of line leaves the former route at Ashendon, a few miles north of Prince's Risborough, and rejoins it at Aynho Junction, near Banbury.

of line just eighteen miles in length, a saving of twenty minutes has been effected—a most important advantage to business men.

Of this new short route, the Great Western Railway evidently intend to make the fullest use, and a magnificent service of express trains in each direction is announced. The schedules have been modelled with the business-man's convenience in view. For instance, a splendid train leaves Paddington daily at 9.10 a.m., arriving at Birmingham at 11.10, while express trains return at 2.45 p.m. and 4 p.m., arriving at Paddington at 4.50 and 6.5 respectively, thus giving many hours in Birmingham, and the possibility of completing the day's routine within the regular business hours. Similar facilities are afforded in the opposite direction, as a train leaves Birmingham (Snow Hill) at 8.55 a.m., arriving at Paddington at 10.55, with return trains at 2.35 p.m., 4, and 6.5 p.m. Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, Liverpool, and Manchester share equally in the benefits afforded to Birmingham. By means of slip carriages, the times to Leamington, Warwick, and "Shakespeare's Country" generally have also been greatly accelerated. The American traveller, for instance, seldom leaves England without spending some time in and round Stratford-on-Avon. Simultaneously with the opening of the new route, the Great Western Company have introduced a service of automobile cars covering all that is worth seeing in Shakespeareland. It will be possible to obtain inclusive tickets, at a moderate charge, covering the rail journey from London, automobile tour, and meals en route.



You will find Hartmann's  
Towels indispensable on  
a voyage.



Always take a supply of  
Hartmann's Towels when  
going away from home.

## Take My Advice

Perfection in Sanitary Towels is measured by comfort, convenience, antiseptic and absorbent qualities, and general excellence of manufacture—and in these essentials Hartmann's Towels stand easily supreme. The unique absorbency of the material from which Hartmann's Towels are made, has led to its adoption in the leading Hospitals.

# HARTMANN'S TOWELS

These Towels are obtainable from all Ladies' Outfitters, Stores, and Chemists. To be persuaded to accept any substitute is to risk discomfort and disappointment. Packets of 1 doz., 6d., 1/-, 1/4, 2/-. Sample packets, 1/2-doz. assorted sizes, 6d. stamps, post free.

MANAGERESS

**HARTMANN'S DEPOT, 26, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.**

Hartmann's "Mulpa" Brand Compressed Towels.

Size A, 1d., B, 1d., C, 2d.

Hartmann's Protective Apron, for use with Sanitary Towels. An article of great utility to every lady, price 2/- each, or direct post free 2/1½

## The Perfume of the Choicest Flowers

nothing more, nothing less—that is what Murray and Lanman's Florida Water is. Its grateful fragrance, bearing in its lingering traces pleasant memories of a country garden, is delightfully refreshing, comforting, and reviving after a tiring day

## MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

"The Universal Perfume,"

is unequalled for the Bath, Handkerchief, and Dressing-table. Delightful in every way; after exercise, fatigue, and exposure; after shaving, and for general toilet use.

Of Chemists and Perfumers, 3/-, 2/-, and 1/-  
Wholesale: FASSETT & JOHNSON,  
86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

A case of 12 bottles of Murray & Lanman's  
Florida Water makes a charming present,  
which any lady will gratefully accept.

